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THE VITAL DOCUMENTS

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

A Report From Occupied Territory

JAMES BALDWIN

PEN CONGRESS

Pablo Neruda in New York

JOSE YGLESIAS

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LETTERS

Bundy in Santo Domingo

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In his article, "The Unfinished Revolution," [*The Nation,* May 2], Sidney Lens stated that McGeorge Bundy "came to Santo Domingo" in May, 1965, and demanded that the Dominican Communists should be "incarcerated in concentration camps."

The term "concentration camps" is filled with such horror and loathing that no one should use it lightly or without absolute assurance. I have tried to find out what truth there may be in Mr. Lens's story. I have consulted some of the principals and one who was present at the discussions in Puerto Rico and in Santo Domingo, President Jaime Benítez of the University of Puerto Rico.

I am convinced that Mr. Lens has here committed an irresponsible and indefensible calumny. He does not state what his source of information is, but he passes on this tale with such circumstantial detail—most of which, I am convinced, is also fictitious—that the reader is led to believe that his source was at least one of the principals whose information was not open to question. United States intervention was bad enough without inventing unnecessary slanders and without making a villain of Mr. Bundy, who took on a most onerous task and carried it out as honorably as possible. Mr. Lens merely succeeds in exculpating the real villains.

Theodore Draper

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Is it really so hard to visualize the United States asking another country to put Communists in concentration camps? I wonder where Mr. Draper has been these last twenty years.

My article had to do with negotiations between two men about a formula to save President Johnson's face in the Dominican Republic, and how, when McGeorge Bundy came to Santo Domingo to implement it, the whole matter got twisted into the usual hard line vis-à-vis the Communists. My source—unimpeachable in my opinion—is one of the principals, among others, and his story makes sense in the light of what Draper himself concedes to have been a false policy in the Dominican Republic.

What I suspect bothers Draper is something in himself, not me. He was a leading apologist for U.S. policy in Cuba, and in my humble opinion, he gravely twisted facts to make the U.S. State Department look good. On the Dominican issue he has been on the side of the angels and his articles are among the best materials on the subject. . . .

I get the impression that what Draper would like to do is show that there were some "good guys," like McGeorge Bundy, and some "bad guys," like Thomas Mann, making U.S. policy. I concede that Bundy probably did want to play the dove and work out an arrangement with Bosch and Guzman. But it is a historical fact that Bundy was eventually ordered to take the hard line I indicated, and that the thrust of U.S. policy was typically cold war and interventionist.

Sidney Lens

Sherrill wrong

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: Robert Sherrill's article ["Foundation Pipe Lines: The Beneficent CIA," *The Nation,* May 9] is misleading and inaccurate. I have been a member of the board of directors of AFME since 1957 (and chairman since 1958), and I am thoroughly familiar with its activities.

(Continued on page 51)

EDITORIALS

Korea—with a Difference

At a June 18 news conference, President Johnson hinted at still another intensification of U.S. military action in Vietnam. "We must continue to raise the cost of aggression at its source," was his wording. This sounded like a threat to extend the area of bombing; and *The Wall Street Journal* of June 27 carried a report that Mr. Johnson had reached a decision to bomb North Vietnam's oil-storage depots at the port city of Haiphong which, because of the volume of foreign shipping passing through it, has heretofore been treated with some circumspection. A report to the same effect appeared in the June 26 *Observer* (London) under Anthony Howard's by-line. It must be said for Mr. Johnson that he is not given to idle threats: On June 29 U.S. Air Force and Navy jets bombed fuel depots on the outskirts of both Hanoi and Haiphong, approaching within 3 and 2 miles, respectively, of the city centers.

Howard reported further that the Johnson Administration had decided to settle for nothing less than a "Korean-type solution" for Vietnam. All ideas of a settlement based on the neutrality of South Vietnam have been ruled out, which is to say that the United States Government has fallen in line with the policy laid down by the triumphant Premier Ky who, with the latest types of tear-gas bombs and judicious use of clubs and firearms, has crushed opposition to his rule, at least for the time being. Ky and Johnson are apparently committed to a harder line than the Pentagon and Secretary McNamara. The latter, according to Howard, is not enthusiastic about the war of attrition and endurance implied in a Korea-type finale.

The American people are not being let in on the Administration's thinking. After all, elections of a sort are to be held in South Vietnam in September, and in the United States in November. In the Vietnam election neutralists are to be excluded, both as candidates and voters, and of course there will be no balloting in the areas held by the Vietcong, so the outcome is a foregone conclusion. In the United States, perhaps unfortunately from the Administration's standpoint, the outcome cannot be so confidently predicted. So that the U.S. electorate would not be unduly alarmed, Mr. Johnson took the unusual step of privately summoning a group of foreign correspondents to the White House and taking them into his confidence, with no domestic newsmen present. He avoided getting down to specifics, but made it clear that he was determined to fight in Vietnam to the bitter end. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* asked him about the possibility of holding out some concessions to the Soviet Union in order to enlist its help in reaching a settlement in Vietnam. Nothing of the kind, the President replied; no "bribes and carrots," was the way he put it.

That the United States could never be expelled from Vietnam has been clear from the outset. When it looked as if the government of South Vietnam was coming apart at the seams, the Johnson Administration threw in sufficient manpower and materiel to take care of the situation, and it is still engaged in taking over the chief burden of the war.

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After the elections the American people will be informed —as they were after Mr. Johnson's landslide victory on a peace platform in 1964. They will then learn that it is going to be Korea all over again—but with a difference. The Vietcong are in South Vietnam to stay, and though they may be forced by sheer weight of air power to lie low for a while, a Korean-type conclusion is inherently impossible. This is only the latest of the blind alleys into which Mr. Johnson has led us.

Synchronized Escalation

The closing in of U.S. bombers could have been predicted in the light of a "Citizens' White Paper" which shows that efforts toward a political settlement of the Vietnamese war have repeatedly been collapsed by timely intensification of the American military effort. The authors of the study, titled "The Politics of Escalation," are three professors of the University of California at Berkeley: Franz Schurmann, director of the Center for Chinese Studies, Peter Dale Scott of the Department of Speech, and Reginald Zelnick of the Department of History, assisted by a dozen consultants and editorial workers at Berkeley and other universities. A covering letter commending the report to the attention of President Johnson was signed by twenty-nine scholars, clergymen, lawyers, businessmen and labor leaders.

The study runs to book length and leans over backward in its effort to be fair to the Johnson Administration: "Available evidence does not prove that escalations were intended solely or primarily to counter efforts at compromise or negotiation. . . ." On these two counts it will no doubt be widely ignored, at least initially, by a press which likes its sources short, sensational and self-assured. Its immediate impact will be mainly on thoughtful Americans, who have been notably deficient in their influence on this Administration. This effort, however, differs from previous ones in that it is not so much a remonstrance as a marshaling of evidence which, in time, can hardly fail to raise questions. Is this repeated concurrence to be attributed to pure chance, or to such a sustained build-up of U.S. military strength in Southeast Asia that any particular move could hardly fail to coincide with the repeated efforts to end a war which most of the world regards as senseless and barbarous? Or is this pattern of synchronous occurrence the result of a deliberately calculated policy?

The authors cite and document at length nine incidents in what they call "the sombre, recurring pattern of political exploration cut short by military escalation. . . ." They ask the President whether this is fortuitous or intentional. The President does not reply. Instead, too late for inclusion as a tenth example, he is unleashing the bombers on Hanoi and Haiphong, at a time when efforts are being made by the Secretary-General of the UN and by French and Canadian envoys to negotiate a de-escalation of the war.

Yet despite Administration obfuscations and a generally uninformative press, the Johnson-Rusk policy of open-ended escalation is losing support. In the June 27 *New York Times*, Ronald Sullivan reports that Democratic leaders in New Jersey are "seriously considering" breaking with the President on Vietnam. They see advocacy of de-escalation

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as their only chance of beating the Republican "hawks" in November. State Sen. Ned J. Parsekian, who has been chosen to oppose U.S. Sen. Clifford P. Case, feels he may have to turn down the nomination, partly because of his doubts about U.S. Vietnamese policy. The freshman Representative from Bergen County, Henry Helstoski, who rode into office on the Presidential coattails and has been a loyal supporter, now argues that we must stop bombing North Vietnam and ask the UN to work out a settlement. He has been echoing Charles E. Osgood's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—that it is impossible "to escalate the intensity of an attack on an opponent with one hand while simultaneously holding out an olive branch with the other."

Helstoski has been attracting attention with his news letters to constituents and the polls he conducts. A year ago those replying to his questionnaire on Vietnam favored Mr. Johnson's policy by 75 to 25, a ratio which has now fallen to a precarious 57 to 43. A poll by the Democratic State Committee in the spring gave a similar result. If Helstoski and other apprehensive Democrats should decide to run as moderate peace candidates, they can find fresh arguments for their position in "The Politics of Escalation." Nor would it be surprising if, with such efforts, the American people discover what Mr. Johnson would prefer not to let them know, until such time as his plans for a "Korean-type solution" mature.

Raid on Medicare

Not much editorial notice was taken of it, but the American people were given a brilliant lesson recently in how private industry can manipulate Congress—and make Congress like it. This exhibition was in the mangling of the Medicare Act by the American Hospital Association. As originally passed, the act allowed Robert M. Ball, Commissioner of Social Security, to repay the hospitals and nursing homes the "reasonable cost" of caring for the elderly. Repeatedly Ball acknowledged in Congressional hearings that he interpreted reasonable costs to mean reasonable costs *only*—no profits.

No doubt Ball thought he was telling the truth. In any event, the hospitals and nursing homes weren't about to settle for cost service. No sooner was medicare passed than they began to talk about boycotts. Washington bureaucrats panicked and began to give ground.

Meanwhile, the American Hospital Association was storming at the non-booty idea of the program. The California division of the association was especially enraged and threatened not to participate. At this point Ball, who apparently has the authority under the act to squeeze and stretch it any way he likes, went into private session with the American Hospital Association. Not even Congress knew what he was up to. Sen. Clinton Anderson requested from Ball a copy of the minutes of his conference with hospital officials—and was turned down!

Then Ball emerged to announce that he would allow the hospitals to operate their medicare programs on the old profiteering cost-plus basis: they would be paid a profit of 2 per cent of their cost. The more they pad their costs, the more they profit.

Furthermore, depreciation of facilities will be considered part of the cost. Here's a beautiful wringing of the taxpayer's neck: First he finances the construction of the hospital through the Hill-Burton program, and then he is forced to pay for the building's depreciation. He pays twice. (The 2 per cent of *this* is a *third* payment.)

Another curious deal Ball made with the hospital operators was an arrangement by which they can collect from the government thirty days in advance for services they "think" they will render to the old folks; this will deprive the Medicare Trust Fund of millions of dollars in interest, of course, but it will give the hospitals some early money to play with.

By the time the preposterous arrangements were made public, and Sen. Russell Long, Chairman of the Finance Committee, had called a private hearing to determine how seriously Ball and the American Hospital Association had damaged the intent of Congress, it was too late to do anything about it. The Senators did get to rid themselves of some of their spleen. Page 121 of the executive hearings shows a blank space, representing some very fiery language which Senator Anderson directed at Ball, and later removed.

But Congress and the American people have been beaten out of an estimated $150 million a year, which will be deducted from what *would* have been spent for actual care of the elderly, and given to the hospitals for profit.

As *The Nation* said on January 3, "There are signs that the results [of medicare] will not be so much the subsidizing of needy people as the subsidizing of an industry."

Senators Are Different

There are only fifty states in the Union and only a hundred Senators; they must therefore be accounted a special class of citizens. And among them Thomas J. Dodd seems to be in a special class all by himself. In the hearings before the Senate Ethics Committee, one cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between Dodd under investigation and the hundreds of witnesses, not Senators, who have been investigated by Dodd and his colleagues. It was the misfortune of the latter to be just plain citizens, at a time when cold-war scapegoats were in demand and Dodd was one of those most zealous in harrying and exposing them.

A new word, heralding a new concept, has emerged from the present hearings. The committee rejected copies of Dodd's correspondence, documents, etc., which had been turned over to Drew Pearson by members of Dodd's staff —to whom he does not seem to have endeared himself. The committee held that the copies were "stigmatized." In the federal courts documents seized without a search warrant fall into the category of "tainted" evidence, and "stigma-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 25, August 8 and August 22.

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tized" documents are apparently the Senatorial analogue.

Sometime back, police and representatives of a state legislative committee concerned with "un-American" activities broke into the New Orleans office of The Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., an organization seeking to secure to Negro citizens the rights guaranteed to them under the Constitution. The office was totally ransacked and everything movable taken away. Personal effects of Dr. James A. Dombrowski, the executive director of SCEF, were seized in his home and he was arrested. A Louisiana state court ruled that these proceedings were illegal, but in the meantime the books (one was Thoreau's *Journal*), records, membership lists, etc., had been moved to Baton Rouge, and from there taken across the state line into Mississippi under arrangements made by J. G. Sourwine, counsel to the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. The documents were reproduced and published by the subcommittee, of which Sen. Thomas J. Dodd was a prominent member. Apparently the subcommittee did not regard this material as "stigmatized," nor was the equanimity of other Senators in the least disturbed by any phase of this operation.

Coming back to the present proceedings, we find Dodd represented by a prominent law firm with seven lawyers in attendance, four at the counsel table and the overflow in the first row of the spectators' section. It must come as a surprise to see these lawyers vigorously cross-examining "hostile" witnesses. In the proceedings of the Internal Security Subcommittee witnesses without number, represented by counsel who were denied the right of cross-examination, have been crucified, with Dodd enthusiastically taking part in the inquisition.

Dodd now castigates his former employees who abstracted the documents from his files for copying, and who now find themselves without jobs and little prospect of ever being employed again in official Washington. But since when, in Dodd's world, has the informer been disreputable? The committee on which he serves is a refuge for informers, and they are praised to the skies for their actions and their testimony.

Granted that Senators are different—but are they that much different? Innumerable reputations have been destroyed through denial of the privileges now accorded Dodd. Is the reputation of a Senator that much more sacred than the reputation of any other citizen? Do we have one set of rules when Senators are investigated, and another set of rules for ordinary citizens? Or will the Senate now be shamed into revising the rules for the latter, to give them some semblance of equality?

'The Christian Virtues'

Newsweek once pointed out that J. Edgar Hoover is an "authentic folk hero." If any doubt remained on that score, it has been removed by the installation in the Capitol Hill Methodist Church in Washington of a stained glass window, 22 feet high and 33 feet wide—about the size of a modest ranch house—dedicated to the great G-man with the inscription, STATESMANSHIP THROUGH THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. When one contemplates the honors showered upon Mr. Hoover during his illustrious career and the lamentable fact that he resembles other men in one respect—mortality—one wonders what there will be left to say when he finally shuffles off this mortal coil.

Yet even while he is in our midst, terrorizing evildoers of every description, Hoover has his troubles within the government he serves so selflessly. On May 4, the Supreme Court refused to review the conviction for income tax violation of Fred B. Black, Jr., a Washington lobbyist. His attorney asked for a review on the ground that a wiretap issue was involved. On May 21, Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall submitted a memorandum to the Court in which he stated that wire taps or electronic eavesdropping devices had been used, *without the knowledge of the Department of Justice and without its authorization.* The Court responded by ordering that more information be supplied; specifically, who did order the bugging?

The effect of this sequence of events was to point the finger at J. Edgar Hoover, who has not yet responded. Marshall's action is said to have provoked a confrontation between Justice Department officials and Hoover in which the latter was described as "furious." This is not hard to believe. Even under the best of circumstances Hoover is a choleric sort, and his present situation is a trying one. As a folk hero he is probably immune from chastisement, but his temper is being put to a severe test.

However, more is at stake than prerogatives and passions. Marshall's action highlights a basic problem: that under Hoover's administration the FBI has assumed practically unlimited investigative powers. It can investigate almost anyone it wants to investigate, by almost any methods it sees fit to use.

In a series of articles in *The Washington Post,* Richard Harwood recounts some recent FBI investigations. A national magazine discovered in 1964 that the FBI had compiled a dossier on the ex-wife of one of its writers. The material in the file was then used by Hoover's associates to bar the writer from sitting in on an interview with Hoover. The managing editor of a prominent newspaper in the Midwest was advised by a U.S. district attorney in 1965 that a reporter for the paper has become *persona non grata* at the Federal Building because of "derogatory information" in the possession of the FBI. Americans traveling abroad—university professors in particular—have been put under surveillance by the FBI. The authors of books critical of the federal establishment can be reasonably certain of acquiring dossiers in the FBI files.

The folk hero has the wherewithal and the power. His annual budget is about as large as the State Department's and more than twice the size of that available to the Attorney General. Hoover commands the equivalent of an oversize army division—16,000. No one, right up to the President, can deal with him as an equal, much less a subordinate. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach once joked in private: "Sure I could fire him on Monday. The only thing is that I'd be looking for a new job on Tuesday."

The more credit, then, to Thurgood Marshall. What he did took courage. If Katzenbach abetted him, so much the better. They cannot fire Hoover, but they have given him some explaining to do.

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U THANT ON WAR AND PEACE

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

Mrs. Weill-Tuckerman has covered the United Nations since its inception as a correspondent for Agence France-Presse. She is also a regular political commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

As he sets out on another European trip, there is no doubt that Secretary-General U Thant is deeply troubled about the future of the United Nations and its diminishing capacity to meet its commitment, under the Charter: to keep or restore the peace. This disenchantment and concern are key factors in his delay in announcing whether or not he will be available this fall, and his repeated statements that he would be happy if the Security Council found a successor to assume the post of Secretary-General after November 3 when his term expires. U Thant has tried to minimize the difficulties in finding a suitable candidate and has even, apparently in a semi-serious vein, offered his help in this search.

It is probable that U Thant has not yet made up his mind definitely about another term. On the personal level, he is not politically ambitious; perhaps because of his Buddhist philosophy, he has escaped the clinging to power which grows naturally in the breasts of most politicians and statesmen. Even if he now has a good idea of what he wants to do after November 3, he is not telling and is determined to seize this opportunity to convey in the strongest terms to those most concerned what he considers essential for the survival of the United Nations.

The top priority goes to the war in Vietnam, whose continuation demonstrates the impotence of the peace organization and threatens its very existence.

U Thant has called repeatedly for a three-point program as the only avenue to a negotiated settlement of the conflict: "First, the cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam; second, the scaling down of all military activities in South Vietnam, which alone could lead to the bringing about of a cease-fire; and third, the willingness by all sides to enter into discussions with those who are actually fighting," or, in more concrete terms, the willingness of Saigon and Washington to enter into discussions with the Vietcong.

The first and third steps of this program are undoubtedly the responsibility of the United States. The bombing of oil targets in the highly populated areas of Haiphong and Hanoi has given a resounding negative answer to U Thant's point one, and the Secretary-General has expressed his disapproval in a laconic but unequivocal communiqué. Already the punitive warnings to North Vietnam by President Johnson in his press conference of June 18 gave the impression that he did not take U Thant more seriously than Stalin did the late Pope Pius XII, when, according to the anecdote of Yalta which has become a historical cliché, he brushed aside the role of the Vatican in Italian politics with the comment: "How many divisions has the Pope?"

As for the possibility that General Ky will sit down with the Vietcong—an essential element in point three of U Thant's scheme—American policy makers who might conceivably accept such an eventuality for themselves are not likely to insist on it in Saigon in view of the extreme precariousness of the present regime. By refusing to sponsor a Saigon request for United Nations observers in the forthcoming elections (scheduled for this September), U Thant has amply shown that he did not care to confer a UN seal of approval on these elections or their results.

A related cause of U Thant's concern over the future of the UN is the absence of the People's Republic of China; this could become a fatal flaw in the fabric of the world organization as the present paralysis over Vietnam demonstrates. He realizes that, at this stage, the main obstacles no longer derive solely from the United States but from Peking itself, partly out of rancor against an organization which has for so long denied it its legitimate place. He is extremely careful not to interpret or comment publicly on the attitude of the Chinese leaders toward the UN or himself and it has been noted with some interest at UN headquarters that no direct attack against U Thant has been made from Peking—or Hanoi—since he enunciated his three-point program for a Vietnam settlement in Paris last April.

Next to the need for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam and China's admission to the UN, the future of the UN itself depends largely on its capacity to wield the machinery for peace keeping. Here too, U Thant feels an acute disappointment which he has expressed forcefully in recent weeks. Although he kept as much as possible out of the quarrel over Article 19, which dealt with the financing of the controversial Congo operation (a legacy from the Hammarskjold administration), he does not keep silent on the lack of progress in the establishment of machinery for future peace-keeping operations, including financial provisions. Above all, he is thoroughly dissatisfied with the refusal of big powers like the USSR and France (which have voted in favor of the present operation in Cyprus) to assume financial responsibility for the UN force there. The Secretary-General has denounced as grossly inadequate and unacceptable for the future the method of voluntary financing now used for the Cyprus account. He has warned that "if the UN is to develop as a really potent force for peace, it must have the tools to perform its work; and without the proper tools, there is going to be a stagnation . . . [which] is definitely not in the interests of the organization or of world peace."

This, together with the need of a Soviet contribution to ease the UN financial difficulties, U Thant will discuss with Soviet leaders during his visit to Moscow late in July. He will also have frank discussions about the changes that the Russians want to effect in the administration of the Secretariat, which he feels are not in the interests of the organization. It is worth while to note in this regard that the Soviet Union is the only big power which has not announced its support of U Thant for re-election, the official position being that no comment will be forthcoming from Moscow until the Secretary-General has stated his intentions unequivocally regarding his candidacy. Two can play at that game.

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Finally, U Thant is dissatisfied with what he considers insufficient efforts on the part of the large industrial powers to help the developing countries. The widely heralded "development decade of the United Nations" is far from being a success. International assistance, U Thant said in a recent message to the World Bank, is falling behind the absorptive capacity of the developing countries; yet it cannot be argued that they have done little to mobilize their domestic resources in the past years. The insufficiency of external aid remains, and the modest target set by the General Assembly in 1961—that the flow of development capital should represent 1 per cent of the aggregate national income of developed countries—is still far from being reached. Should this situation become worse, as it threatens to do, the growth of developing countries will be seriously retarded.

U Thant well realizes that he cannot bring about a change of policy on the part of the big powers toward the United Nations and world problems, but he is making full use of the best opportunity he has to state frankly to those involved his opinion of their responsibilities in the continuing crisis. He has made it clear that he does not have to go on leading an organization whose effectiveness they are preventing and—with the war in Vietnam—perhaps strangling to death.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

A Report From Occupied Territory

JAMES BALDWIN

Mr. Baldwin's first published work was a review in this publication. Among his more recent books are: The Fire Next Time, Another Country *and* Going To Meet The Man *(all Dial Press).*

On April 17, 1964, in Harlem, New York City, a young salesman, father of two, left a customer's apartment and went into the streets. There was a great commotion in the streets, which, especially since it was a spring day, involved many people, including running, frightened, little boys. They were running from the police. Other people, in windows, left their windows, in terror of the police because the police had their guns out, and were aiming the guns at the roofs. Then the salesman noticed that two of the policemen were beating up a kid: "So I spoke up and asked them, 'why are you beating him like that?' Police jump up and start swinging on me. He put the gun on me and said, 'get over there.' I said, 'what for?' "

An unwise question. Three of the policemen beat up the salesman in the streets. Then they took the young salesman, whose hands had been handcuffed behind his back, along with four others, much younger than the salesman, who were handcuffed in the same way, to the police station. There: "About thirty-five I'd say came into the room, and started beating, punching us in the jaw, in the stomach, in the chest, beating us with a padded club—spit on us, call us niggers, dogs, animals—they call us dogs and animals when I don't see why we are the dogs and animals the way they are beating us. Like they beat me they beat the other kids and the elderly fellow. They throw him almost through one of the radiators. I thought he was dead over there."

"The elderly fellow" was Fecundo Acion, a 47-year-old Puerto Rican seaman, who had also made the mistake of wanting to know why the police were beating up children. An adult eyewitness reports, "Now here come an old man walking out a stoop and asked one cop, 'say, listen, sir, what's going on out here?' The cop turn around and smash him a couple of times in the head." And one of the youngsters said, "He get that just for a question. No reason at all, just for a question."

No one had, as yet, been charged with any crime. But the nightmare had not yet really begun. The salesman had been so badly beaten around one eye that it was found necessary to hospitalize him. Perhaps some sense of what it means to live in occupied territory can be suggested by the fact that the police took him to Harlem Hospital themselves—nearly nineteen hours after the beating. For fourteen days, the doctors at Harlem Hospital told him that they could do nothing for his eye, and he was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where for fourteen days, the doctors tried to save the eye. At the end of fourteen days it was clear that the bad eye could not be saved and was endangering the good eye. All that could be done, then, was to take the bad eye out.

As of my last information, the salesman is on the streets again, with his attaché case, trying to feed his family. He is more visible now because he wears an eye patch; and because he questioned the right of two policemen to beat up one child, he is known as a "cop hater." Therefore, "I have quite a few police look at me now pretty hard. My lawyer he axe (asked) me to keep somebody with me at all times 'cause the police may try to mess with me again."

You will note that there is not a suggestion of any kind

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of appeal to justice, and no suggestion of any recompense for the grave and gratuitous damage which this man has endured. His tone is simply the tone of one who has miraculously survived—he might have died; as it is, he is merely half blind. You will also note that the patch over his eye has had the effect of making him, more than ever, the target of the police. It is a dishonorable wound, not earned in a foreign jungle but in the domestic one—not that this would make any difference at all to the nevertheless insuperably patriotic policeman—and it proves that he is a "bad nigger." ("Bad niggers," in America, as elsewhere, have always been watched and have usually been killed.) The police, who have certainly done their best to kill him, have also provided themselves with a pretext *derisoire* by filing three criminal charges against him. He is charged with beating up a schoolteacher, upsetting a fruit stand, and assaulting the (armed) police. Furthermore, he did all of these things in the space of a single city block, and simultaneously.

The salesman's name is Frank Stafford. At the time all this happened, he was 31 years old. And all of this happened, all of this and a great deal more, just before the "long, hot summer" of 1964 which, to the astonishment of nearly all New Yorkers and nearly all Americans, to the extremely verbal anguish of *The New York Times,* and to the bewilderment of the rest of the world, eventually erupted into a race riot. It was the killing of a 15-year-old Negro boy by a white policeman which overflowed the unimaginably bitter cup.

As a result of the events of April 17, and of the police performance that day, and because Harlem is policed like occupied territory, six young Negro men, the oldest of whom is 20, are now in prison, facing life sentences for murder. Their names are Wallace Baker, Daniel Hamm, Walter Thomas, Willie Craig, Ronald Felder and Robert Rice. Perhaps their names don't matter. They might be my brothers: they might also be yours. My report is based, in part, on Truman Nelson's *The Torture of Mothers* (The Garrison Press, 15 Olive Street, Newburyport, Mass., with an introduction by Maxwell Geismar). *The Torture of Mothers* is a detailed account of the case which is now known as the case of The Harlem Six. Mr. Nelson is *not,* as I have earlier misled certain people into believing, a white Southern novelist, but a white Northern one. It is a rather melancholy comment, I think, on the Northern intellectual community, and it reveals, rather to my despair, how little I have come to expect of it that I should have been led so irresistibly into this error. In a way, though, I certainly have no wish to blame Mr. Nelson for *my* errors; he is, nevertheless, somewhat himself to blame. His tone makes it clear that he means what he says and he knows what he means. The tone is rare. I have come to expect it only of Southerners—or mainly from Southerners—since Southerners must pay so high a price for their private and their public liberation. But Mr. Nelson actually comes from New England, and is what another age would have called an abolitionist. No Northern liberal would have been capable of it because the Northern liberal considers himself as already saved, whereas the white Southerner has to pay the price for his soul's salvation out of his own anguish and in his own flesh and in the only time he has. Mr. Nelson wrote the book in an attempt to create publicity and public indignation; whatever money the book makes goes into the effort to free The Harlem Six. I think the book is an extraordinary moral achievement, in the great American tradition of Tom Paine and Frederick Douglass, but I will not be so dishonest as to pretend that I am writing a book review. No, I am writing a report, which is also a plea for the recognition of our common humanity. Without this recognition, our common humanity will be proved in unutterable ways. My report is also based on what I myself know, for I was born in Harlem and raised there. Neither I, nor my family, can be said ever really to have left; we are —*perhaps*—no longer as totally at the mercy of the cops and the landlords as once we were: in any case, our roots, our friends, our deepest associations are there, and "there" is only about fifteen blocks away.

This means that I also know, in my own flesh, and know, which is worse, in the scars borne by many of those dearest to me, the thunder and fire of the billy club, the paralyzing shock of spittle in the face; and I know what it is to find oneself blinded, on one's hands and knees, at the bottom of the flight of steps down which one has just been hurled. I know something else: these young men have been in jail for two years now. Even if the attempts being put forth to free them should succeed, what has happened to them in these two years? People are destroyed very easily. Where is the civilization and where, indeed, is the morality which can afford to destroy so many?

There was a game played for some time between certain highly placed people in Washington and myself before the administration changed and the Great Society reached the planning stage. The game went something like this: around April or May, that is as the weather began to be warmer, my phone would ring. I would pick it up and find that Washington was on the line.

Washington: What are you doing for lunch—oh, say, tomorrow, Jim?

Jim: Oh—why—I guess I'm free.

Washington: Why don't you take the shuttle down? We'll send a car to the airport. One o'clock all right?

Jim: Sure. I'll be there.

Washington: Good. Be glad to see you.

So there I would be the next day, like a good little soldier, seated (along with other good little soldiers) around a luncheon table in Washington. The first move was not mine to make, but I knew very well why I had been asked to be there.

Finally, someone would say—we would probably have arrived at the salad—"say, Jim. What's going to happen this summer?"

This question, translated, meant: Do you think that any of those unemployed, unemployable Negroes who are going to be on the streets all summer will cause us any trouble? What do you think we should do about it? But, later on, I concluded that I had got the second part of the question wrong; they really meant, what was *I* going to do about it?

Then I would find myself trying patiently to explain that the Negro in America can scarcely yet be considered—for example—as a part of the labor unions—and he is cer-

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tainly not so considered by the majority of these unions—and that, therefore, he lacks that protection and that incentive. The jobs that Negroes have always held, the lowest jobs, the most menial jobs, are now being destroyed by automation. No remote provision has yet been made to absorb this labor surplus. Furthermore, the Negro's education, North and South, remains, almost totally, a segregated education, which is but another way of saying that he is taught the habits of inferiority every hour of every day that he lives. He will find it very difficult to overcome these habits. Furthermore, every attempt he makes to overcome them will be painfully complicated by the fact that the ways of being, the ways of life of the despised and rejected, nevertheless contain an incontestable vitality and authority. This is far more than can be said of the middle class which, in any case, and whether it be black or white, does not dare to cease despising him. He may prefer to remain where he is, given such unattractive choices, which means that he either remains in limbo, or finds a way to use the system in order to beat the system. Thus, even when opportunities—my use of this word is here limited to the industrialized, competitive, contemporary North American sense—hitherto closed to Negroes begin, very grudgingly, to open up, few can be found to qualify for them for the reasons sketched above, and also because it demands a very rare person, of any color, to risk madness and heartbreak in an attempt to achieve the impossible. (I know Negroes who have gone literally mad because they wished to become commercial air-line pilots.) Nor is this the worst.

The children, having seen the spectacular defeat of their fathers—having seen what happens to any bad nigger and, still more, what happens to the good ones—cannot listen to their fathers and certainly will not listen to the society which is responsible for their orphaned condition. What to do in the face of this deep and dangerous estrangement? It seemed to me—I would say, sipping coffee and trying to be calm—that the principle of what had to be done was extremely simple; but before anything could be done, the principle had to be grasped. The principle on which one had to operate was that the government which can force me to pay my taxes and force me to fight in its defense anywhere in the world *does not have the authority* to say that it cannot protect my right to vote or my right to earn a living or my right to live anywhere I choose. Furthermore, no nation, wishing to call itself free, can possibly survive so massive a defection. What to do? Well, there is a real estate lobby in Albany, for example, and this lobby, which was able to rebuild all of New York, downtown, and for money, in less than twenty years, is also responsible for Harlem and the condition of the people there, and the condition of the schools there, and the future of the children there. What to do? Why is it not possible to attack the power of this lobby? Are their profits more important than the health of our children? What to do? Are textbooks printed in order to teach children, or are the contents of these textbooks to be controlled by the Southern oligarchy and the commercial health of publishing houses? What to do? Why are Negroes and Puerto Ricans virtually the only people pushing trucks in the garment center, and what union has the right to trap and victimize Negroes and Puerto Ricans in this way? None of these things (I would say) could possibly be done without the consent, in fact, of the government, and we in Harlem know this even if some of you profess not to know how such a hideous state of affairs came about. If some of these things are not begun—I would say—then, of course, we will be sitting on a powder keg all summer. Of course, the powder keg may blow up; it will be a miracle if it doesn't.

They thanked me. They didn't believe me, as I conclude, since nothing was ever done. The summer was always violent. And in the spring, the phone began to ring again.

Now, what I have said about Harlem is true of Chicago, Detroit, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and

San Francisco—is true of every Northern city with a large Negro population. And the police are simply the hired enemies of this population. They are present to keep the Negro in his place and to protect white business interests, and they have no other function. They are, moreover—even in a country which makes the very grave error of equating ignorance with simplicity—quite stunningly ignorant; and, since they know that they are hated, they are always afraid. One cannot possibly arrive at a more surefire formula for cruelty.

This is why those pious calls to "respect the law," always to be heard from prominent citizens each time the ghetto explodes, are so obscene. The law is meant to be my servant and not my master, still less my torturer and my murderer. To respect the law, in the context in which the American Negro finds himself, is simply to surrender his self-respect.

On April 17, some school children overturned a fruit stand in Harlem. This would have been a mere childish prank if the children had been white—had been, that is, the children of that portion of the citizenry for whom the police work and who have the power to control the police. But these children were black, and the police chased them and beat them and took out their guns; and Frank Stafford lost his eye in exactly the same way The Harlem Six lost their liberty—by trying to protect the younger children. Daniel Hamm, for example, tells us that ". . . we heard children scream. We turned around and walked back to see what happened. I saw this policeman with his gun out and

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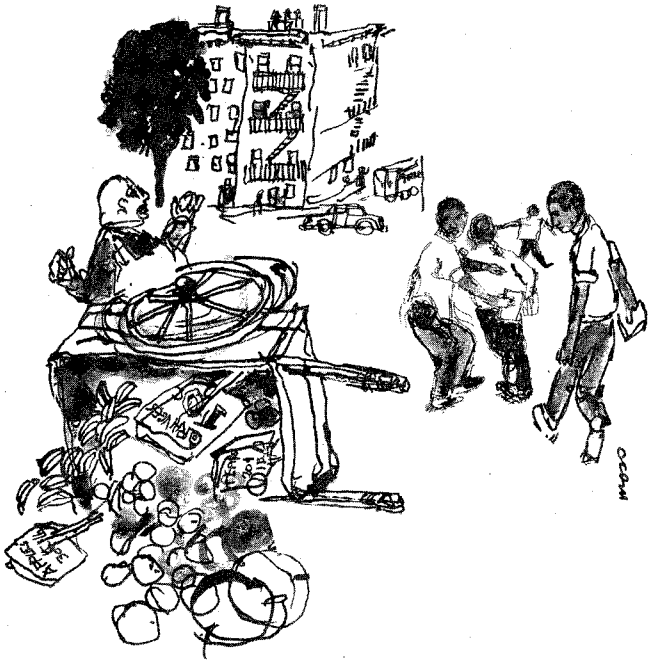
with his billy in his hand. I like put myself in the way to keep him from shooting the kids. Because first of all he was shaking like a leaf and jumping all over the place. And I thought he might shoot one of them."

He was arrested, along with Wallace Baker, carried to the police station, beaten—"six and twelve at a time would beat us. They got so tired beating us they just came in and started spitting on us—they even bring phlegm up and spit on me." This went on all day. In the evening, Wallace Baker and Daniel Hamm were taken to Harlem Hospital for X rays and then carried back to the police station, where the beating continued all night. They were eventually released, with the fruit-stand charges pending, in spite of the testimony of the fruit-stand owner. This fruit-stand owner had already



told the police that neither Wallace Baker nor Daniel Hamm had ever been at his store and that they certainly had had nothing to do with the fruit-stand incident. But this had no effect on the conduct of the police. The boys had already attracted the attention of the police, long before the fruit-stand riot, and in a perfectly innocent way. They are pigeon fanciers and they keep—kept—pigeons on the roof. But the police are afraid of everything in Harlem and they are especially afraid of the roofs, which they consider to be guerrilla outposts. This means that the citizens of Harlem who, as we have seen, can come to grief at any hour in the streets, and who are not safe at their windows, are forbidden the very air. They are safe only in their houses—or were, until the city passed the No Knock, Stop and Frisk laws, which permit a policeman to enter one's home without knocking and to stop anyone on the streets, at will, at any hour, and search him. Harlem believes, and I certainly agree, that these laws are directed against Negroes. They are certainly not directed against anybody else. One day, "two carloads of detectives came and went up on the roof. They pulled their guns on the kids and searched them and made them all come down and they were going to take them down to the precinct." But the boys put up a verbal fight and refused to go and attracted quite a crowd. "To get these boys to the precinct we would have to shoot them," a policeman said, and "the police seemed like they was embarrassed. Because I don't think they expected the kids to have as much sense as they had in speaking up for themselves." They refused to go to the precinct, "and they didn't," and their exhibition of the spirit of '76 marked them as dangerous. Occupied territory is occupied territory, even though it be found in that New World which the Europeans conquered; and it is axiomatic, in occupied territory, that any act of resistance, even though it be executed by a child, be answered at once, and with the full weight of the occupying forces. Furthermore, since the police, not at all surprisingly, are abysmally incompetent—for neither, in fact, do they have any respect for the law, which is not surprising, either—Harlem and all of New York City is full of unsolved crimes. A crime, as we know, is solved when someone is arrested and convicted. It is not indispensable, but it is useful, to have a confession. If one is carried back and forth from the precinct to the hospital long enough, one is likely to confess to anything.

Therefore, ten days later, following the slaying of Mrs. Margit Sugar in Mr. and Mrs. Sugar's used-clothing store in Harlem, the police returned and took Daniel Hamm away again. This is how his mother tells it: "I think it was three (detectives) come up and they asked are you Danny Hamm? And he says yes and right away—gun right to the head and slapping him up, one gun here and one here—just all the way down the hall—beating him and knocking him around with the gun to his head." The other boys were arrested in the same way, and, again of course, they were beaten; but this arrest was a far greater torture than the first one had been because some of the mothers did not know where the boys were, and the police, who were holding them, refused for many hours to say that they were holding them. The mothers did not know of what it was their children were accused until they learned, via television, that the charge was murder. At that time in the state of New York, this charge meant death in the electric chair.

Let us assume that all six boys are guilty as (eventually) charged. Can anyone pretend that the manner of their arrest, or their treatment, bears any resemblance to equal justice under the law? The Police Department has loftily refused to "dignify the charges." But can anyone pretend that they would dare to take this tone if the case involved, say, the sons of Wall Street brokers? I have witnessed and endured the brutality of the police many more times than once—but, of course, I cannot prove it. I cannot prove it because the Police Department investigates itself, quite as though it were answerable only to itself. But it cannot be allowed to be answerable only to itself; it must be made to answer to the community which pays it, and which it is legally sworn to protect; and if American Negroes are not a part of the American community, then all of the American professions are a fraud.

This arrogant autonomy, which is guaranteed the police, not only in New York, *by the most powerful forces in American life*—otherwise, they would not dare to claim it, would, indeed, be unable to claim it—creates a situation which is as close to anarchy as it already, visibly, is close to martial law.

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Here is Wallace Baker's mother speaking, describing the night that a police officer came to her house to collect the evidence which he hoped would prove that her son was guilty of murder. The late Mrs. Sugar had run a used-clothing store and the policeman was looking for old coats. "Nasty as he was that night in my house. He didn't ring the bell. So I said, have you got a search warrant? He say, no, I don't have no search warrant and I'm going to search anyway. Well, he did. So I said, will you please step out of this room till I get dressed? He wouldn't leave." This collector of evidence against the boys was later arrested on charges of possessing and passing counterfeit money (he pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor, "conspiring" to pass counterfeit money). The officer's home in Hartsdale, N. Y., is valued at $35,000, he owns two cars, one a Cadillac, and when he was arrested, had $1,300 in his pockets. But the families of The Harlem Six do not have enough money for counsel. The court appointed counsel, and refused to allow the boys counsel of their own choice, even though the boys made it clear that they had no confidence in their court-appointed counsel, and even though four leading civil rights lawyers had asked to be allowed to handle the case. The boys were convicted of first-degree murder, and are now ending their childhood and may end their lives in jail.

These things happen, in all our Harlems, every single day. If we ignore this fact, and our common responsibility to change this fact, we are sealing our doom. Here is the boy, Daniel Hamm, speaking—speaking of his country, which has sworn to bring peace and freedom to so many millions: "They don't want us here. They don't want us—period! All they want us to do is work on these penny-ante jobs for them—and that's *it*. And beat our heads in whenever they feel like it. They don't want us on the street 'cause the World's Fair is coming. And they figure that all black people are hoodlums anyway, or bums, with no character of our own. So they put us off the streets, so their friends from Europe, Paris or Vietnam—wherever they come from—can come and see this supposed-to-be great city."

There is a very bitter prescience in what this boy—this "bad nigger"—is saying, and he was not born knowing it. We taught it to him in seventeen years. He is draft age now, and if he were not in jail, would very probably be on his way to Southeast Asia. Many of his contemporaries are there, and the American Government and the American press are extremely proud of them. They are dying there like flies; they are dying in the streets of all our Harlems far more hideously than flies. A member of my family said to me when we learned of the bombing of the four little girls in the Birmingham Sunday school, "Well, they don't need us for work no more. Where are they building the gas ovens?" Many Negroes feel this; there is no way not to feel it. Alas, we know our countrymen, municipalities, judges, politicians, policemen and draft boards very well. There is more than one way to skin a cat, and more than one way to get bad niggers off the streets. No one in Harlem will ever believe that The Harlem Six are guilty—God knows their guilt has certainly not been proved. Harlem knows, though, that they have been abused and possibly destroyed, and Harlem knows why—we have lived with it since our eyes opened on the world. One is in the impossible position of being unable to believe a word one's countrymen say. "I can't believe what you say," the song goes, "because I see what you do"—and one is also under the necessity of escaping the jungle of one's situation into any other jungle whatever. It is the bitterest possible comment on our situation now that the suspicion is alive in so many breasts that America has at last found a way of dealing with the Negro problem. *"They don't want us—period!"* The meek shall inherit the earth, it is said. This presents a very bleak image to those who live in occupied territory. The meek Southeast Asians, those who remain, shall have their free elections, and the meek American Negroes—those who survive—shall enter the Great Society.

WHAT THE WARREN REPORT OMITS

THE VITAL DOCUMENTS

JACOB COHEN

Mr. Cohen taught history at Yale and is teaching this summer at Brandeis. He is presently completing a book on the Kennedy assassination which defends the Warren Commission's principal conclusion that Oswald was the lone killer. His articles have appeared in many magazines including The Nation, Commonweal *and* The New Leader.

Several writers have recently suggested that Lee Harvey Oswald was not a lone assassin shooting at President Kennedy that black Friday in Dallas and publishers' fall lists promise several new books developing variations of the same theory. While the writers we have heard thus far differ on such crucial details as the number of shots, the timing and source of the shots, and the precise location of the hits, there is one point upon which all present and, I would guess, future devotees of the theory could be made to agree: if there was more than one assassin, then the results of the autopsy which was performed on the President at Bethesda the night of the assassination must have been deliberately falsified.

One can reach no other conclusion. Two experienced pathologists and a wound ballistics expert examined President Kennedy thoroughly, internally and externally; and the physical damage described in their autopsy report, submitted, we are told,* on November 24, 1963, two days after the assassination, perfectly sustains the ultimate conclusions of the commission: that two bullets hit the President, both fired from a point "behind and somewhat above the level

*The autopsy document (Exhibit No. 387) is undated. We learn the date it was submitted in the testimony of the examining doctors (II pp. 349 et seq.).

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of the deceased"; that one bullet hit him in the back at the base of his neck, exiting from the lower third of the throat; and that the other bullet, the fatal missile, entered in the back of the skull and exited from the right temple, "carrying with it portions of cerebrum, skull and scalp."

Let us suppose, then, that the wound in Kennedy's throat was a wound of entry, which would place another assassin somewhere in front of him. This is one of the notions developed by Vincent Salandria in his articles in *Liberation*. Now, obviously, such a bullet would have to go somewhere. Either it would have lodged in Kennedy's body, in which case it would have been seen in the X rays and removed by surgery, or, it would have exited from the body at some discernible point. Internally, the bullet would have left a path and a pattern of bruises, rips, abrasions, blood clotting, displaced tissue, probably broken bones, and metallic tracings which could not have failed to indicate the

bullet's source. But there is not a scintilla of evidence in the autopsy which would indicate a hit from the front. If there was such a hit, the autopsy must be false.

Or suppose that the President was hit flush in the right temple by an assassin situated to his right on the grassy knoll, as Salandria and Fred Cook suggest. This means that the massive fault in Kennedy's temple, which was observed in horror by many eyewitnesses to the shooting, was an entry wound; Salandria suggests the use of dumdum bullets to explain how an entry wound could have had such a shattering effect. However, the autopsy says that Kennedy's temple was shattered by a bullet which entered the base of his skull, leaving a neat, round hole, and then blasted *out* of his temple. Descriptions of the beveling and splintering of bone and the displacement of brain matter confirm this interpretation, as would the many pictures and X rays taken just before and during the autopsy examination. Again, it is inconceivable that a bullet—even a dumdum bullet—fired from the right, *entering* the right temple, could have caused damage even remotely resembling that caused by a bullet fired from above and behind which *exited* from the temple. If Cook and Salandria's speculations are correct, the autopsy is phony.

Or consider the theories of Edward Jay Epstein, who is described in Richard Rovere's adulatory introduction to Epstein's recent book, *Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth* (Viking): "Mr. Epstein," says Rovere, "does not challenge or even question the fundamental integrity of the Commission or its staff. He discards as shabby 'demonology' the view that the Commissioners collusively suppressed evidence." However, when one extracts the theory behind Epstein's line of questioning it is clear that Epstein, no less than the others, suggests that the autopsy was falsified and, I might add, the evidence of this collusively suppressed.

The pivotal point in the commission's case for a single assassin—Epstein and Cook would agree—is its contention that President Kennedy and Governor Connally were hit by the same bullet. According to the commission the bullet which hit the President in the back of the neck and exited from the throat went on to hit Connally and caused all his wounds. If this did not happen—if Kennedy and Connally were hit by separate bullets—then it follows that there was a second assassin, as Epstein and Cook's very similar analyses of the films of the assassination indubitably prove. Both Epstein and Cook believe that the bullet which hit Kennedy in the back hit too low to have exited from his throat and then hit Connally. Cook agrees that the bullet exited from the throat, but feels its line of flight was too flat to have hit Connally at the required downward angle. Epstein doesn't even believe that the bullet exited from Kennedy's throat; he suggests that it penetrated the back an inch or so and then fell out.

Now either the bullet hit high enough on the back to have done what is claimed for it, or it did not; this is a matter of observable, measurable fact. Epstein suggests a wound several inches below the one described in the autopsy. If he is right, the autopsy must have been falsified; doctors, like successful assassins, don't miss by that margin. Similarly, is it a matter of observable fact whether that bullet exited from the throat or not? Dr. Milton Helpern, chief medical examiner of New York City, points out that "there is no such thing as a rifle bullet's passing through a neck without leaving a path." Mr. Epstein says there was no path (op. cit., pp. 58-9). Cook, too, says the pathologists at Bethesda were "unable to . . . trace the actual path of the bullet." But the autopsy report describes the path in some detail:

> The second wound presumably of entry is that described above in the upper right posterior thorax. Beneath the skin there is ecchymosis of subcutaneous tissue and musculature. The missile path through the fascia and musculature cannot be easily probed. The wound presumably of exit was that described by Dr. Malcolm Perry of Dallas in the low anterior cervical region. When observed by Dr. Perry the wound measured "a few millimeters in diameter," however it was extended as a tracheotomy incision and thus its character is distorted at the time of the autopsy. However, there is considerable ecchymosis of the strap muscle of the right side of the neck and of the fascia about the trachea adjacent to the line of the tracheotomy wound. The third point of reference in connecting these two wounds is in the apex (supra-clavicular portion) of the right pleural cavity. In this region there is contusion of the parietal pleura and of the extreme apical portion of the right upper lobe of the lung. *In both instances the diameter of contusion and ecchymosis at the point of maximal involvement measures 5 cm. Both the visceral and parietal pleura are intact overlying these areas of trauma.*

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The emphasis is suggested by Dr. Helpern who interpreted this passage for me and assured me that this is a proper description of a path through the neck. Dr. Helpern also expressed considerable irritation that Mr. Epstein had quoted him in connection with Epstein's view that no path was found. When I asked Helpern what was meant by the statement "the missile path . . . cannot easily be probed" he snapped, "Nobody said it was always easy to find a path."

In other words, the President's body provided the most effective disproof of any contention that there were other hits, other assassins, and anyone making such an imputation, therefore, must be willing to defend the thesis that the autopsy doctors deliberately falsified their report, or that the autopsy report reproduced in the Warren Commission Report is a forgery, or both. Such a charge, of course, challenges the good name of many people, including those who lied, those who ordered them to lie, and the many who would know about the deception and are remaining silent.

Has it come to this, then—the doctors' word against the word of Cook, Epstein, Salandria, et al.? There is, of course, eyewitness testimony and other corroborative evidence on the nature of the wounds, but an objective mind would, it seems to me, find this evidence contradictory. Taking from these contradictions only the evidence which does not confirm the official version, critics easily can convince their readers that the Warren Report is radically flawed. And, sadly, the authors of the report have also been rather selective in their interpretation of the evidence. Whom are we to believe?

Fortunately there is an easy way out of this predicament, for there exists material evidence—the photographs and X rays taken at Bethesda—which could settle almost all the major differences of opinion concerning the wounds. The photographs would pinpoint the location of the back wound, and by showing whether it was high enough to sustain the commission's theory, would either silence Cook and Epstein or win a Pulitzer Prize for one of them. The photographs could also show alleged wounds unaccounted for in the autopsy, such as the exit wound of a bullet entering the throat, and they would reveal details of the complex wound in Kennedy's temple. And the X rays would determine, once and forever, if any unaccounted for bullets or bullet fragments lodged in Kennedy's body. Bullets are as clear in an X ray as a spoon and, together with the photographs, would depict the fracturing in Kennedy's skull clearly enough to test Salandria's theory that the massive skull wound was a wound of entry. Indeed, one sentence in the autopsy report makes the point perfectly:

> The complexity of these fractures and the fragments thus produced tax satisfactory verbal description and are better appreciated in photographs and roentgenograms which are prepared.

By showing nothing more than the autopsy has led us to expect, these documents would be valuable for they would silence a hundred theories already born or *in utero*.

All of which leads us to an examination of what may be the most exasperating mystery surrounding the Warren Report, that of the missing X rays and photographs. For amazing as it may seem, these documents—the only material evidence that could confirm or deny the observations of the autopsy doctors—are not included among the exhibits in the twenty-six-volume Warren Report, and as far as one can ascertain, were never even examined by the Warren Commission and its staff. Indeed, after several months of part-time detective work, I cannot even be sure of the whereabouts of these documents.

This much may be learned from the public record: In the half hour before the autopsy examination some "15-20 photographs both black and white and color" were taken, "depicting significant findings." Also, "10-12 X-rays" were made at this time, and "perhaps 15-20 more X-rays were made during the autopsy." I quote from the testimony (II, 348 et seq.) of Dr. J. J. Humes, the chief autopsy surgeon, who went on to say to the Warren Commission that these films were used "extensively" during the autopsy examination. Soon after the autopsy was concluded, all films were turned over to Agent Roy H. Kellerman of the Secret Service by Humes's superior, Captain J. H. Stover, Jr., and Kellerman then brought them to the White House where he turned them over to Special Agent Robert Bouck.** What the Secret Service did with these documents is, as we shall see, part of the mystery.

On December 6, 1963, Captain (then Commander) Humes submitted a "Supplementary Autopsy Report" (Exhibit No. 391) to Captain Stover containing the results of microscopic examination of Kennedy's brain, heart and sections of the abdominal organs. In this report Humes writes:

> During the course of this examination seven (7) black and white and six (6) color 4x5 negatives are [sic] exposed but not developed (the cassettes containing these negatives have been delivered by hand to Rear Admiral George W. Burkley, MC, USN, White House Physician).

We are not told whether the thirteen photographs mentioned here were taken in the laboratory, or are the same ones which were taken and exposed in the morgue at Bethesda on the night of the assassination. If they were taken in the laboratory, there are twenty-eight to thirty-three photographs extant, and twenty-five to thirty-two X rays. If they were taken the night of the assassination, the missing photographs number from fifteen to twenty.

Dr. Humes appeared before the commission on March 16, 1964. He quickly explained that before testifying he "did not know whether or not the photographs which we made would be available to the Commission," and that, therefore, he had asked a Navy artist to prepare drawings of the President's wounds. These drawings (Commission Exhibits 385-389), the only visualization of the wounds in the entire twenty-six volumes, were made, Humes testified, solely on the basis of his, and his colleague, Dr. J. Thorton Boswell's, *verbal* description of the location and nature of the wounds. Humes and Boswell worked from notes; they did not have the pictures and X rays before them as they told the artist what to draw. Humes concedes the awkwardness of this procedure, repeating several times that these drawings are only a "schematic representation" and admitting once that "the photographs would be more accurate as to the precise location [of the wounds]," but then he insists, unconvincingly, that the pictures and X rays

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****Secret Service Report to the Warren Commission*, December 18, 1963, Volume II, Exhibit 12. This material is in the National Archives in Washington, D.C.

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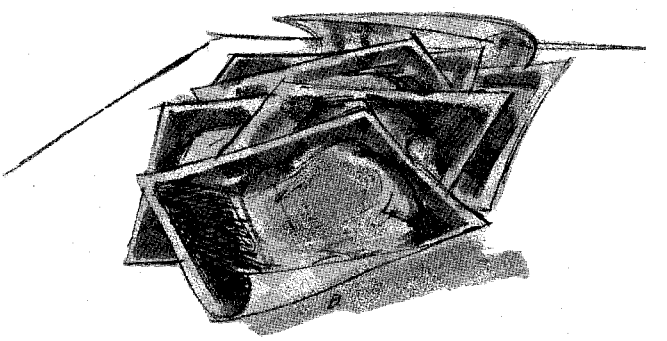
would be of no particular help to the commissioners. Since, as we have seen, inches count very preciously for the commission's thesis of a single assassin, it is difficult to understand why the commissioners did not examine the photos.

What did Humes mean when he said that he didn't know whether these documents "would be available" to the commission? At one point in his testimony he informed the commissioners that some of the X rays taken *during* the autopsy, as distinguished from the X rays taken *before* the autopsy, would be "available" if requested, strongly suggesting that the other X rays would not be "available." Who, we wonder, was telling Humes just what documents would or would not be "available" to the commission? The best guess is someone from the Secret Service, since that agency presumably possessed these documents at this time. Nor is it clear whether the commission ever requested and received the X rays which were available, though in a lengthy interview on June 13, 1966, Arlen Specter of the commission staff told me that he had not seen any of these documents, and that when he asked Justice Warren for them Warren said that the commission had decided "not to press the matter." Since Mr. Specter, who is now District Attorney of Philadelphia, single-handedly developed the evidence on the autopsy and wrote the first draft of the most widely controverted pages in the Warren Report, his comment on this crucial point may be significant. Of course, his memory may be inaccurate. His reputation is certainly in some jeopardy as a result of accusations made lately, particularly by Epstein. However, this much seems clear from the public record: the Warren Commission did not see all of the X rays, or any of the important photographs.

Surprised by the revelations in Humes's testimony I began to check through the Warren Report to see if anyone else who should have seen these documents actually did see them. For example, on April 27, 1964, three wound ballistics experts from the Army's Edgewood Arsenal conducted experiments relating to the President's wounds. From animal skin, animal meat and gelatins they simulated several inert human necks and skulls, and then, under conditions roughly equivalent to those which prevailed at the time of the assassination, using Oswald's rifle, they fired round after round into the dummies in order to compare the damage done to the simulated necks and skulls with the damage that had actually been done to the President. They also simulated Governor Connally's rib cage for comparison with his wounds. Unquestionably, these scientists needed the photos and X rays of the President in order to make precise comparisons, just as they needed the Connally X rays. (No photographs were taken of Connally.) They received medical reports on Connally, the Connally X rays and the Kennedy autopsy, but not Kennedy's X rays and photos (I, p. 581).

Nor had the commission's principal ballistics expert, FBI scientist Robert Frazier, seen the X rays or even the autopsy before testifying on May 13, 1964. Asked whether the bullet holes in the front and back of Kennedy's shirt were made by the same bullet, Frazier refused to comment because, he said, he had not yet seen the autopsy results (V, p. 71). On June 4, 1964, Frazier testified again. He had been to Dallas on May 23 and had conducted an experiment for the commission which reconstructed the circumstances of the assassination. It was mainly from this that the commission concluded that a bullet exiting from Kennedy's throat, at the angle indicated by autopsy findings, would necessarily have hit Connally, considering the position of the two men at the time of the shooting. But this was not Frazier's conclusion. He withheld final judgment because he still had not seen the autopsy or other evidence on the wounds which would have indicated exactly what the downward angle of the bullet was (V, p. 168).

The fact that Frazier, the FBI's leading ballistics expert, had not seen the X rays and photos, or even the autopsy, by June, 1964, strongly suggests that the FBI did not have these documents as it prepared its own report on the assassination, presented to President Johnson on December 9, 1963, less than three weeks after the assassination. The point is crucial, because, as Salandria and Epstein have stressed, the FBI report contradicts the autopsy in the Warren Report in several details. According to the FBI, Kennedy was hit in the back, not the lower neck, and this bullet did not exit from his throat. The throat wound, says the FBI, was caused by a sliver of the bullet which hit Kennedy's skull. Now, *if* the FBI had the autopsy when it made this report,



the conclusion must follow that the autopsy findings have somehow changed since the time the FBI examined them. Epstein states categorically that the "autopsy report was forwarded to the FBI" before it submitted its report on December 9, 1963. He adds that the "FBI had color photographs of the autopsy." But his only citation for these statements is an interview with Francis W. H. Adams of the commission staff. When I called Mr. Adams to check, he told me that he did not remember talking to Epstein, did not have Epstein's name in his calendar for July 8, 1965, the date Epstein claims the interview took place and, most important, that he had no knowledge whatsoever of whether or not the FBI had seen the autopsy and photographs. Unless Epstein can produce firmer documentation for his statement, we must add the authors of the FBI report to the list of people who should have seen the X rays and photos and did not.

Add the authors of the report of the Dallas police to that list also. Much abuse has been directed at the Dallas police for its handling of the case in the days just after the assassination, all of it deserved. It should be said, however, that the Dallas police continued its own separate investigation of the case for several weeks after the assassination, and the report it sent to the Warren Commission (XXIV, pp. 195-404) is well organized and admirably detailed. This

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report must have been considerably more useful to the commission than the brief and largely rhetorical FBI report of December 9. Within three days of the assassination the Dallas police had received from the FBI laboratory reports on all bullets and bullet fragments, Oswald's rifle and pistol, finger and palm prints; by December 20, they had an analysis of the Zapruder films of the assassination prepared by the FBI, which had received the films on December 5 (XXV, p. 576). And yet the Dallas police apparently never saw a copy of the autopsy report or of the photographs and X rays.

Where are these documents today? They are not in the National Archives, which supposedly has all the materials on the assassination. On March 31, 1966, I spent a day with John F. Simmons and Marion Johnson of the archives staff working through a long list of all the items in the assassination collection. Mr. Johnson said he had handled every item on the assassination in the building—classified, declassified and unclassified—and was sure that he had not seen the Kennedy X rays and photos, though he did remember photographs of Oswald's body. We also checked through all correspondence between the Secret Service and the commission and found no mention of these documents. The people at the archives, who were clearly irked that such important material is missing from the collection, suggested that I get in touch with the Secret Service.

So I wrote to Robert Wallace, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who forwarded my letter to David C. Acheson. In a tart note Mr. Acheson informed me that the Service had turned all of its material over to the commission or the archives and that the "X-ray films were made available to the Commission and were in fact used in briefing the Commission staff on the autopsy procedures and results." He said nothing about the photos. I responded, politely, that the X rays were not in the archives despite the fact that the commission had turned over all its material to that library. I asked specifically how and when the Secret Service disposed of these documents, and I asked *who* exactly had "used the X rays in briefing the commission staff on the autopsy procedure and results," since it was clear from their testimony that the doctors who performed the autopsy had not seen the X rays since the night of the assassination. I also asked again about the photographs. This letter, dated April 26, 1966, is unanswered. When I wrote it I had not yet interviewed Specter, who told me the X rays had been unavailable.

And I wrote Dr. Humes, requesting clarification on several points and asking whether he knew where the photos and X rays were. He offered a terse no-comment. I wrote to Admiral Burkley, to whom Humes sent thirteen photographs, along with his supplementary autopsy, asking what he did with these photos and whether he knew where the photos and X rays were. He did not answer.

And I wrote a still unanswered letter to Sen. Robert Kennedy on May 5, 1966. Several of the lawyers on the commission staff whom I interviewed had told me they had heard that the photographs and possibly the X rays were not published at Robert Kennedy's request. The request is not in the record. Nor does the record indicate why the commission acceded to the request, if it was made, and why, if Kennedy merely opposed publication, the commission itself and the doctors and scientists who worked with the commission and the FBI were not permitted access to these documents. One can understand why the Kennedy family would not wish the photographs of the dead President widely reprinted, but why they would object to the publication, or even the examination, of X rays, which are as impersonal as IBM cards, is puzzling. I asked the Senator four questions:

(*1*) A member of the commission staff told me he had heard that you requested that the photographs not be included among the published exhibits. Did you also request that the X rays not be made public?

(*2*) When did you make this request, and are you willing that your request be made part of the public record?

(*3*) Was it also in consequence of your wishes that the commission and its staff apparently did not have these documents available for study?

(*4*) I understand perfectly your desire not to make a spectacle of President Kennedy by making the photographs generally available. But isn't there some way that responsible scholars can be permitted to examine them in order to silence what promises to be—if the assassination of Lincoln is any example—a century of harmful accusations?

Mr. Kennedy, of course, has been out of the country. It is hoped that with the publication of this article he will comment publicly on some of these matters.

Why the secrecy?

Sometimes it all seems like a weird joke. Here are twenty-six volumes on the assassination of the President, displaying a penchant for infinite detail which extends even to an exhibit showing a strand of Oswald's pubic hair. And yet, perhaps by some innocent oversight, the X rays and photos of the murdered President, the only material evidence on his wounds, the only hard and fast confirmation of the autopsy results, are somehow missing (though the X rays of Connally are published in the report, exhibit 681). Here is a report which explicitly tries to answer troublesome critics, taking great pains, for example, to demolish almost every individual point raised by Mark Lane during the time he was defending Oswald in theatres and lecture halls all over the world. And, yet, the one set of documents which could disarm the speculations of its most serious critics has seemingly disappeared.

There is, of course, the sinister explanation that the autopsy is false, as the appearance of the X rays and photos would demonstrate. If so, there can be little question that there was a second assassin; that the commission covered this up and either helped in or silently observed the fabrication of evidence which would point to Lee Harvey Oswald as the sole assassin. The exposure of such a conspiracy could not fail to discredit the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the District Attorney of Philadelphia, and many, many other prominent people. I believe it would cause a major political crisis in this country.

Is there an innocent explanation? Let me suggest one in which government officials act like government officials and the Kennedy family acts like the Kennedy family, emphasizing that what follows is only a theory, to be proved or disproved by the publication of the pictures and X rays and an explanation of where they have been.

It is now fairly well known that President Kennedy suf-

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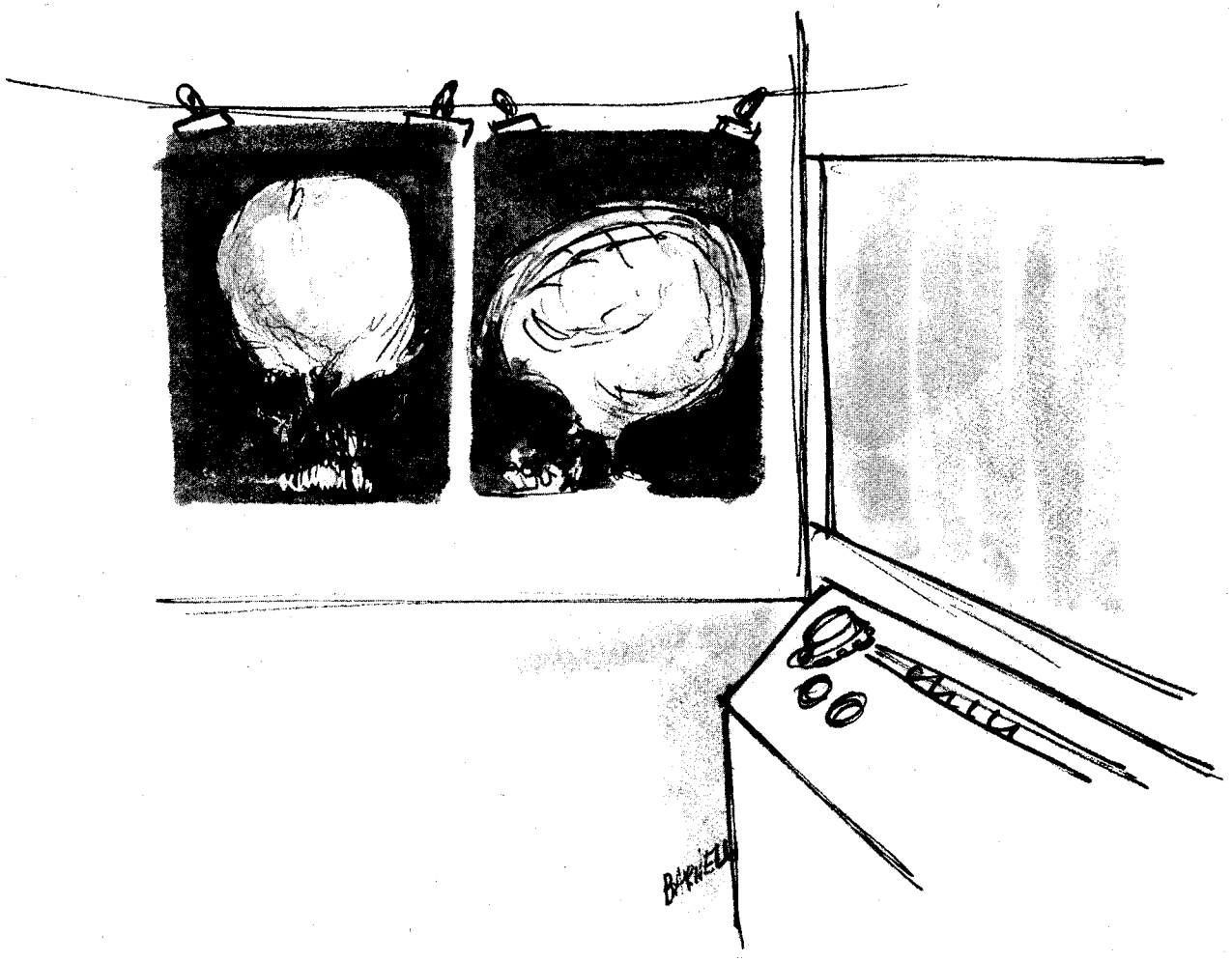

fered from Addison's disease or adrenal insufficiency. Theodore Sorenson is quite frank about that in his biography, *Kennedy* (Harper & Row). Explaining why Kennedy was so near death after his back operation in 1954, Sorenson writes: "The chief cause of his hospitalization and discomfort was his back; but the cause of his near death in the fall of 1954 was the shock of a spinal operation upon his inadequate adrenal system. . . . The effect of surgery on his adrenal shortage caused, as he had been told might happen, severe postoperative complications. Twice the last rites of the church were administered. Twice he fought his way back to life, as he had once before in the Pacific." As Sorenson makes clear, the development of adrenal hormones, in the last decade and a half, has almost completely eliminated the debilitating and eventually fatal effects which Addison's disease once visited upon sufferers. With "simple medication by mouth," as Kennedy liked to describe the dose of cortisone type drugs he took daily, the disease can be fully controlled, much as diabetes can now be controlled. So there is nothing about the disease to keep a man from being President. As Dr. Milton Helpern said to me: "I don't know if Kennedy had Addison's disease, but if he did, I think it would be a marvelous thing if sufferers knew that this unmistakably vigorous man, who was our President, also suffered from the ailment."

Still, the malady was a political embarrassment, and the Kennedys took pains to cover it up, or at least to avoid the public use of the ominous term, "Addison's disease." Though Sorenson is candid on the subject, a recent television series on Kennedy mentioned that the back operation in 1954 brought him to the edge of life, but failed to indicate why a back operation should have caused such peril. Occasionally rumors about Kennedy's health take a nasty turn, as when Rep. Walter Judd (a physician) commented disparagingly forty-eight hours before the election in 1960, on the "physical and mental health" of Addisonians. Or, as when Oswald's mother told writer Jean Stafford that her son may have been a mercy killer hired to put a President dying of "Atkinson's disease" out of his misery.

Conceivably, then, to avert low-minded speculation that Kennedy was a dying man when he was shot; to avert, in other words, on the occasion of his death, the kind of speculation about his health that he had tried to discourage during his life, Kennedy's family requested that several of the autopsy findings be kept a private matter. Such a request would explain a curious omission in the autopsy which has not yet received public comment: that the report contains no description of the adrenal glands. Nor is there any mention of the adrenal glands in the Supplementary Autopsy Report of December 6, 1963, though that report does contain the results of microscopic examination of the brain, heart, lungs, liver, spleen and kidneys. The omission of any mention of the adrenal glands in the post-mortem examination of a man with Addison's disease is incredible, according to Dr. Helpern and several other doctors. It is

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even possible (and this is my speculation, not that of the doctors) that the first bullet which passed harmlessly through Kennedy's neck would have caused a fatal adrenal crisis even if he had not been struck, fatally, in the head. Such a possibility must have been a matter of conjecture among the autopsy doctors, though the medical record does not reflect it.

As for the X rays: Dr. Austin J. McSweeney of the University of Wisconsin Medical School writes that in cases of "chronic adrenal insufficiency . . . an X ray of the abdomen may show calcium in the adrenal glands." When I pressed a radiologist, Dr. Sanford Bluestein, with my layman's questions, he estimated that X rays show calcium in about 40 per cent of the cases.

My theory, then, is that certain aspects of the autopsy dealing with the adrenal glands were excised at the request of members of the Kennedy family who did not wish the public or anyone to have the X rays or, for that matter, any material which would encourage speculations about the state of the President's health. The photographs were not released, as stated, for reasons of taste. If the family asked that this material be kept in the family, the Warren Commission might not have pressed to examine it.

Such a theory would clear up some other mysteries. It would explain, for example, why the autopsy report reproduced in the Warren Report is undated, a fact Epstein seizes as proof that the original observations of the autopsy doctors were altered. According to the theory we are offering, the autopsy *was* altered, or shortened, after the fact, though not for the sinister purposes Epstein suggests. Such a theory also might explain why Dr. Humes inserted a note in the record announcing that he had destroyed notes prepared immediately after the autopsy—a fact which Cook and Salandria stress to indicate the general dubiousness of the autopsy. Humes's action may simply have been that of a faintly guilty and thoroughly bureaucratic professional conscience. (Why Humes—who would be neck deep in guilt if the autopsy was falsified—should have taken pains to incriminate himself is something Cook and Salandria can probably explain.)

I will not pursue the theory further; the reader is probably testing it against notions of his own. But certainly everyone with an opinion on the Warren Report—those who, by and large, accept it, as I do, and those who seriously criticize it, can agree that the X rays and photos must now be made available for competent study and interpretation. If the Kennedy family—which probably has legal title to the documents—will not release them for publication, or even place them in the National Archives for the use of scholars, perhaps a committee of trusted scholars and doctors can be assembled to examine them. Sinister accusations have been made, and the longer these X rays and photos are hidden, the more credible these accusations will appear. If there is something sinister afoot, let us expose it. If there is not, let us silence these accusations and also inhibit what promises to be decades of dreary fantasizing.

THE BRASS PYRAMID

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Some people in Washington feel that the military has already begun its quiet coup of the civilian government. Retired colonels and generals climb into positions of authority and then hire their buddies for other important posts. The pyramid of ex-brass grows higher.

Officials in the American Federation of Government Employees, Air Force Lodge 1092 (representing 4,000 civilian employees in the Pentagon) recently estimated that there are 200,000 second-career military retirees on the federal payroll, many of them in top positions and all of them drawing double compensation from the government—that is, they are drawing most of their retirement pay as well as their regular salaries.

"The situation has reached such a magnitude as to constitute a real and genuine threat to continued civilian control of the federal government itself," said Charles J. Kenny, president of the Pentagon civilian group.

Significantly, the Civil Service Commission has refused to debate the issue, stating that the cost of determining how many retired brass are in Washington, and in what positions, would be prohibitive. It has admitted there are about 26,000 retired military men now holding civilian jobs in the Department of Defense alone.

The bitterness of the civilian government labor unions on this point (they claim the military "buddy system" of employment is ruining the chances for advancement to the better jobs) is so intense that periodically the military propagandists crank out a rebuttal. One, issued recently by Col. Benjamin B. Cassiday, Jr., secretary of the Air Staff, actually resulted in substantiating the charges. Speaking of the Pentagon's Air Force Headquarters only, he said that last year twenty-two retired military men were hired, out of 999 appointments, a measly 2.2 per cent of all the appointments.

Ah, yes. But where did these retirees wind up? Thirteen of the twenty-two moved into the six top-ranking government levels (GS-13 through GS-18). Four others were hired at the level of GS-12. This is equivalent to being drafted into the army at the rank of lieutenant colonel.

As for the years 1960 through 1964, when the ex-brass were supposedly *really* rolling into Washington, no statistics have been released despite repeated requests for such information from the unions.

The Dual-Compensation system was revamped in 1963 to permit military retirees to receive full pay for a civilian government job, plus the first $2,000 of their retirement pay and 50 per cent of the remainder. Thus a colonel who was earning $9,600 on Monday could retire on Tuesday, step into a GS-13 job and start earning $19,310—doing the same job, actually, that he was doing the day before. Legal-

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ly, he should wait six months, but special dispensations are easy to come by.

The most notorious example of the bounty of the Dual Compensation Act was the appointment by President Johnson of Gen. William F. McKee, U.S. Air Force (ret.), to become administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency last year—a neat trick that took a special act of Congress, inasmuch as the Federal Aviation Act of 1958 specifically prohibited the appointment to this position of a person on either "the active or retired list of any regular component of the armed services."

Not only did Congress side-step that prohibition; it gave McKee a combined retirement pay-salary income of $38,404—the third highest pay check in Washington, just under the President and the Vice President, and considered by many a fine tribute to the growing prestige of the retired military in Washington.

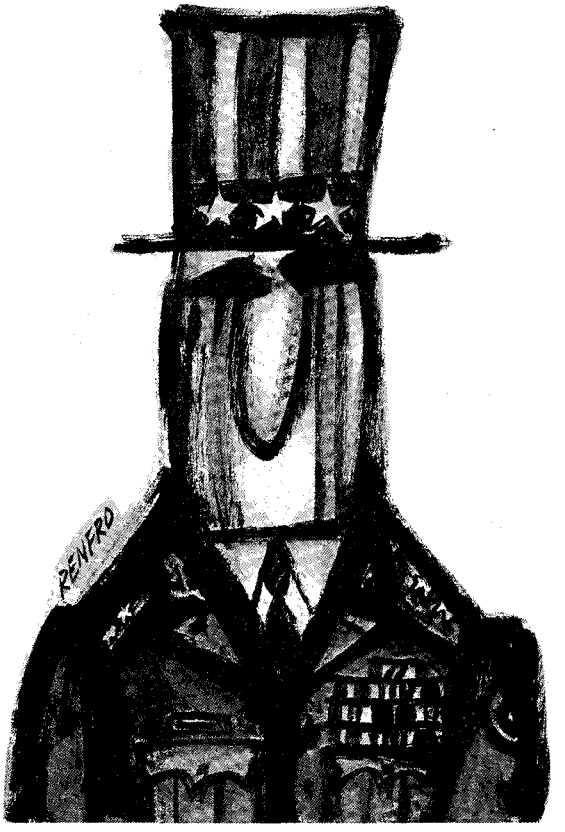
So much opposition to the Dual Compensation Act was voiced by the regular civilian civil service employees at its passage that a report of the first ten months of government operation thereafter was demanded by Congress. Even with the buddy system somewhat decelerated by this supervision, 645 ex-army officers with the rank of colonel and another 492 ex-majors were hired into the top civil service ranks.

This influx has aroused considerable skepticism about the Department of Defense's "civilianization program"—the conversion of 75,000 military jobs to 58,500 civilian jobs. Many civil service employees believe that this will turn out to be a huge hoax, with the military simply retiring into these 58,500 jobs at Dual Compensation pay, while the "militarization" of federal jobs will actually increase.

Morale is low at the Pentagon among civilian employees as a result of the promotion block. Recently the AFGE Lodge 1092 solicited comments and opinions from its 4,000 members as to their complaints about working conditions. The following comments are typical:

¶ "In my opinion, a 'retired military officer junta' is taking over the civil service system and control of most of our large federal government departments and agencies. The appointment of retired Admiral Raborn as head of CIA and retired Air Force General McKee as head of FAA are only two examples. There are tens of thousands of others. NASA and State Department, for instance, are loaded with twenty-year military retirees (colonels and generals who start their second careers at GS-14 and up, plus Dual Compensation privileges). The Civil Service Commission recently admitted that about 9,000 federal civil service jobs are being taken over each year by the retired military. I think the wholesale dumping of retired, overage, military deadwood into high-paying federal jobs is aging and warping our national policy-making processes. Who says it can't happen here? An American military junta is already becoming entrenched in Washington—ironically, with the help of the Civil Service Commission and the Dual Compensation Act."

¶ "Merit promotion in our directorate is a joke! Every time a career civilian transfers, retires or drops dead, particularly at the GS-12 level and up, the general sends over the name of a retired buddy of his as a suggested applicant. Almost always, the 'suggested applicant' gets preference over any other civilian. I have been a GS-11 for nine years."



¶ "I am a veteran of World War II now in civil service. I will have to wait until I am 62 years of age before I retire. All this time I will have to pay 6.5 per cent retirement deduction (before taxes) out of my pay. By contrast, my professional military buddies (I call them super-veterans) can retire after twenty years of military service at the age of 38 without contributing a red cent to the military retirement fund. I have seen as much military combat as nine out of ten of today's so-called professional soldiers. However, the military are allowed to quit at age 38 and enter a second-career civil service job without losing their pensions. I don't have this privilege even though I'm a veteran. No wonder the military retirement fund has an estimated deficit of $52 billion. When is Congress going to wake up?"

¶ "When is somebody going to expose the real reason for soaring defense costs? As a career civil service employee, I am tired of being the scapegoat for federal economy. In view of today's military payroll and fringe-benefit costs, I doubt if we can ever fight a major war again; we would go bankrupt the first year. The $10 billion annual costs for the Vietnamese *small* war illustrates what I mean. Military manpower costs are now consuming more than 60 per cent of the entire defense budget. The recent military pay raise of 10.6 per cent, plus promotion speed-ups, twenty-year retirements with no contribution, free medical care for military dependents, state income tax exemption, PX and commissary privileges, Dual Compensation in civil service jobs, etc., are making war a most lucrative profession."

The *Federal Times* also took a survey of civil service employees and found similar bitterness, with 66 per cent of the respondents claiming that a military buddy system exists, 34 per cent denying it. It added that "readers who denied that such is the case, were, almost to a man, retired military."

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While John W. Macy, chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, claims he can't find out how many ex-brass are running the civilian show in Washington, and Department of Defense officials claim only 2.2 per cent of their employees are ex-military, a survey conducted by the University of Michigan in 1961 showed that 12 per cent of the retiring military officers go into civilian positions with the federal government.

Two or 12 per cent, the point is that the ex-brass tend to concentrate in the upper brackets, and it is their concentration in these important posts that presents the real threat to government of, by and for civilians.

LETTERS *(continued from page 34)*

American Friends of the Middle East is a private, nonprofit organization supported by over 800 individuals, and by business concerns and other organizations of integrity which share and endorse AFME's goals and purposes.

AFME is dedicated to the proposition that American ideals and fundamental national interest require broad-based growth of friendship and understanding between the citizens of the United States and the peoples of the Middle East and North Africa. AFME's activities are solely and consciously directed to that end. We are against only those ideologies and self-serving elements which seek to undermine or negate this high purpose.

It is regrettable that a reputable publication would give credence to the discredited statements of two recognized—and self-admitted—lobbyists for foreign interests: I. L. Kenen and Bushrod Howard, Jr.

Earl Bunting

'journal de combat'?

Freeport, Me.

DEAR SIRS: Regarding your recent editorial on *Encounter* magazine [May 16], I wonder if you have read Conor Cruise O'Brien's recent collection of essays called *Writers and Politics*. He devotes one essay, "Journal de Combat" to *Encounter*. O'Brien supports your general view saying, among other things: "It seeks rather to carry the impression that its anti-Communist and pro-capitalist propaganda is not propaganda at all, but the spontaneous and almost uniform reaction of the culturally free, of truly civilized people."

Andrew Lillywell

dynamite

Flushing, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Just read Alexander Werth's "America's Colony in Hell" [*The Nation*, June 13]—a digest of Robert Guillain's series of five articles for *Le Monde*. It's tremendous in its impact of the truth about Vietnam —and it would shock the American people into needed action to stop this shameful war. . . . Practically none of the American people are aware of the facts mentioned—and yet these facts are dynamite. Can *The Nation* run an appeal for funds to get this article before the masses—at least before the readers of, say, *The New York Times*?

Leon Forer

'cultural freedom' and the CIA

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The charges and denials regarding the alleged involvement of the Congress for Cultural Freedom with the CIA and/or other agencies of our government recalled a story that I heard from two independent sources sometime in 1950, which my informants said had come from Richard Wright.

According to this story, Wright was to have been one of the speakers at the first Congress for Cultural Freedom. The speech contained a strong attack on racial bias in the United States, and an American "cultural" official in Paris tried hard to get Wright to tone down the attack. When Wright refused to do so the exasperated official pounded the table, shouting, "Who the hell do you think is paying for this Congress, anyway?"

Harry Grundfest

Lubove mistaken

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR SIRS: As a professional social worker, retired after almost forty years in public and private agencies, Roy Lubove's article, "Social Work and the Life of the Poor" [*The Nation*, May 23], strikes me as written primarily to startle. It is hardly an analysis based on facts. The way in which he makes social work the whipping boy for all the ills of our capitalistic society seems to be common among young anti-poverty workers who do not know the history and roots of social work, which presumably would not be true of Mr. Lubove. Nevertheless, here are a few facts he seems to have overlooked:

(*1*) There was so little professional social work prior to World War I that hardly any improvements in the condition of the poor were made. Nevertheless, stalwarts like Jane Addams, the Abbotts, Florence Kelley and others devoted their lives to achieving broad social measures such as child labor laws, workmen's compensation, mothers' pensions. Yet would Mr. Lubove have had these pioneers demand a basic family income, or guaranteed annual wage for all families, back in 1910? How could one infinitesimal group, no matter how concerned, have influenced legislators to pass laws fifty years ahead of their own thinking? . . .

(*2*) All the defects he attributes to social work were largely the defects of society as a whole. To castigate the young profession of social work for not having changed the economic structure of the United States is like a parent being angry with a baby for *acting* like a baby! Social work as a profession was barely in existence prior to 1920 and was little known to the general public before 1935. Private agencies were (are?) dominated by the local power structure of businessmen, not by social workers. Also, only a small percentage of counties in the United States had any kind of public welfare agency prior to 1935, other than elected officials who administered "poor relief" on a bare subsistence level. It should not be surprising, therefore, that private agencies were reluctant to turn over social welfare functions to government, which was likewise reluctant to perform them. . . .

(*3*) Most social workers have always been concerned about the low level of payments in public welfare. Many of us have worked hard over the years to get legislators to see the need for adequate financial aid, to remove residence requirements and other eligibility restrictions. It is the lawmakers and the general public which elects them who have made of public assistance the limiting, damaging kind of program it is in many counties. The result is that only a few really dedicated workers remain in public agencies. . . .

Dorothy Swisshelm

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Pablo Neruda: The Poet in New York

JOSE YGLESIAS
Mr. Yglesias is a novelist and essayist, and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.

The arrival of Pablo Neruda in New York for the PEN international congress, his first visit here in twenty-three years, seemed more evidence that the cold war is over. Neruda, unquestionably the finest poet in the Spanish language, is also unquestionably Communist in a way that few Communist artists are: he held elective office in Chile as a Communist, was forced into hiding and political exile in Mexico in the fifties, and during the McCarthy period addressed some of his most ambitious poems, among them "Let the Rail-Splitter Awake!" to the imperialist giant of the Americas. His presence here, as that of some other left-wing intellectuals, required a special visa dispensation from President Johnson, an act of which PEN was justifiably proud but about which its American president, Lewis Galantiere, so often boasted to Johnson's credit that it made some delegates restive. Apparently, they felt such dispensation should have been unnecessary. Neruda is used to the role of great poet and controversial figure, but when he walked on the stage of the 92nd Street YMHA for a poetry reading sponsored by PEN on the hot Saturday night before the congress opened, he was startled and moved by the standing ovation of the audience. Archibald MacLeish introduced Neruda as a great poet whose vision of what the Americas should be is the same as ours, however different our ways of attaining it may seem, and with every seat taken, standees spilling down the aisles and many other admirers in the lobby still hoping for a ticket, Neruda stood again while applause rained from an audience which ran the gamut from chic ladies of the literary and diplomatic communities to youngsters whose very manner of dress is a defiance of the Establishment. The head of the Poetry Center had told me that Neruda was not going to read any political poetry —"He feels that people may not know his real work because of his reputation"—and with this disparate audience at his feet there seemed little reason to fear he would rock the boat and prove her wrong.

In slow but perfect English he thanked the audience and said that he had bought a copy of Walt Whitman on Fifth Avenue that day. "Oh how many times in the course of my life I have bought this book," he said, and then recited the opening lines of the seventh section of "The Song of the Exposition": "Away with themes of war! away with war itself!" And paraphrasing another line of that poem he added, subtly modifying MacLeish that, like Whitman, he loves all the works of *reasoning* men. He did not rock the boat, he cradled it, and in a way that was perhaps imperceptible to the Poetry Center, carried it a little further on the course he has traversed since the days when, as an already famous young poet in the consulate of Chile in Madrid, he was witness to the Fascist uprising.

Born in Parral, Chile, in 1904, Neruda began publishing poetry at the age of 15. A 1962 edition of collected works contains 1,832 pages of his poetry in small print. This does not include the volume *Canción de gesta* nor the four-volume *Isla Negra* published since then, and when I asked him, Neruda was not certain of the total number of poems he has published. It was inevitable that the fifteen poems on the program—read in English by translator-poets Clayton Eshleman, James Wright, Ben Belitt, H. R. Hays and Robert Bly—should neglect some of his themes and moods, but it ranged from the early volume of *Residence On Earth*, sensual and surrealist, to the second and third volumes of the same title dating from the thirties and early forties, personal and social visions of peoples and places: and included several poems from *Canto General* and *Elemental Odes* of the fifties, witty, sardonic, observant comments on such subjects as the United Fruit Co., Toussaint L'Ouverture and a pair of socks knitted for him by an Indian woman.

The audience would not let him go at the end of the program, so he brought two more poets—Selden Rodman and Alistair Reid—to read a translation each from a late volume entitled *Estravagario*, a book of uncharacteristically short poems, except for the final long poem "Autumn Testament." The title is a word Neruda invented: it suggests extravagances, vagaries, super-laziness, leisurely or wild road, a word which once invented seems necessary to the language. "You must read it," a Cuban poet said to me in 1960, after we had heard Neruda recite in Havana. "An intensely personal book. Think of it!—in his 50s Neruda breaks new ground, when we'd thought he had hardened into a political poet, a writer of public poetry."

The poem Alistair Reid translated from this book is called "Lazybones" and tells of the space ships which are traveling among the stars, how man will land on the moon and there set up pharmacies. In Chile the vines are maturing, Neruda says, and he describes the different wines they will produce. At home his woman has eyes the color of wild hazelnuts and at night she dresses in white and green. The

The first International PEN Congress held in the United States in forty-two years met in June at New York University's Loeb Center. More than 500 delegates from over fifty PEN centers throughout the world addressed themselves to the theme of the congress, "The Writer as Independent Spirit," at four round-table sessions, following keynote speeches by Arthur Miller, president of International PEN, and Saul Bellow. U.S. PEN entertained the delegates at a *piquenique sur l'eau*—a boat ride around Manhattan, complete with basket supper, courtesy of the Brasserie—and with the brazenly American *Annie Get Your Gun* of Ethel Merman.

Back at the sessions, some of PEN's most valuable moments occurred as a result of the confrontation of cultures and ideologies of delegates from Communist, Latin American and Western countries. More important, delegates focused attention on the unfortunate isolation of the literature of certain countries.

A beginning is made here to present a glimpse of the rich quality of Latin American literature in the poetry and views of Pablo Neruda of Chile, reported by Jose Yglesias. Alan Cheuse reviews two important Brazilian novelists, translated from the Portuguese. Subsequent issues will cover the literature of additional South American countries.

Ivan Boldizsar furnishes a view of international congresses from the East. He will report on the current literary scene in Hungary in a future issue.

EDITOR

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one-line last stanza states quite simply, "I prefer my planet." A superb ending to the reading and it brought the audience to its feet again: the Cuban poet and the head of the Poetry Center were wrong.

The poem also paralleled his comments at the first round-table session of PEN devoted to the subject "The Writer in the Electronic Age," chaired by Marshall McLuhan. Neruda had been scheduled to participate, but when he arrived here, he protested that it was no subject for him. Some members of the Latin American delegations told me they thought that this was PEN's way of neutralizing Neruda, and the objections were finally solved by shifting him to the session on "The Writer As Public Figure" set for the last day of the congress. Nevertheless, he was called on at the first session and was quoted by the newspapers as saying that the first airplane he saw as a child seemed magical and beautiful, but that when he saw planes dropping bombs on Madrid he changed his mind about them.

ODE TO MY SOCKS

PABLO NERUDA

Maru Mori brought me
a pair
of socks
which she knitted herself
with her sheep-herder's hands,
two socks as soft
as rabbits.
I slipped my feet
into them
as though into
two
cases
knitted
with threads of
twilight
and goatskin.
Violent socks,
my feet were
two fish made
of wool,
two long sharks
seablue, shot
through
by one golden thread,
two immense blackbirds,
two cannons,
my feet
were honored
in this way
by
these
heavenly
socks.
They were
so handsome
for the first time
my feet seemed to me
unacceptable,
like two decrepit
firemen, firemen
unworthy
of that woven
fire,
of those glowing
socks.

Nevertheless
I resisted
the sharp temptation
to save them somewhere,
as students
keep
fireflies,
as learned men
collect
sacred texts,
I resisted
the mad impulse
to put them
in a golden
cage
and each day give them
birdseed
and pieces of pink melon.
Like explorers
in the jungle who hand
over the very rare
green deer
to the spit,
and eat it
with remorse,
I stretched out
my feet
and pulled on
the
magnificent
socks
and
then my shoes.

The moral
of my ode is this:
beauty is twice
beauty
and what is good is doubly
good
when it is a matter of two socks
made of wool
in winter.

Translated by ROBERT BLY

I asked him about this the next evening, following a private reading he gave to young poets in a modest apartment in the upper West Side, and he said that statement by itself made him sound naive. "I was also saying to this McLuhan that technology is something the poet must absorb and decide about," he said. "He must bend it to his purposes, not surrender to it."

He had been ill the morning of the private reading and had needed a doctor at his hotel room. The young poets, who knew that he was the lion of the congress—he never appeared anywhere without a dozen people importuning, photographers clicking and at least one young lady from *Life* taking down everything in shorthand—worried that he might be kept from his appointment with them. But in the early afternoon he showed up for an unscheduled round-table discussion of the problems of Latin American writers. When I asked him if he could keep his evening appointment with the poets, he was surprised that there could be any doubt: he had asked a young American poet to organize the evening, it was too close to his heart for him to miss.

"Sure, a great man like him isn't interested in just talking to the Establishment," one of the poets said when I reported back. That evening Neruda filled in the gaps of the Poetry Center reading: the love poems and the angry poems were represented, since he did not have to be guided by available translations, and he chose for the last the extraordinary "Autumn Testament."

After talking about his vocation, he says in this poem: "I have left my worldly goods/ to my Party and my people,/ and now it is time to talk of other things." There soon follows a passionate section to Matilde Urrutia, his wife, who is also the subject of 100 sonnets. She sat in the room watching him, as she does unobtrusively wherever he goes; sometimes she takes out a small camera from her purse and photographs him. When he recited, "My love is a crying child/ who does not want to leave your arms," she closed her eyes; and when he recited, "You are red and you are peppery,/ you are white and you are salty/ like pickled fish with onions," she laughed with everyone else.

"And now behind this page/ I shall go and not reappear. . . ." And the poem ends, "and then I shall grow again/ until I become so small one day/ that the wind will carry me away/ and I'll not know my name/ and I'll not be when I awake:/ Then I'll sing in silence."

But the young poets did not let him disappear: they took him down to Emilio's in the Village where there are tables with benches in the backyard and where the bill is manageable when shared. They took

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turns sitting across the table from Neruda, and he reminisced for them, for there is no Spanish or Latin American literary figure he has not known intimately: Nicolas Guillen, Cesar Vallejo, Federico Garcia Lorca, Vicente Aleixandre, Rafael Alberti.

I mentioned that I had met Aleixandre in Madrid last year, and that we had talked about him and about Miguel Hernandez, a Spanish Civil War poet whom Neruda had first encouraged and who died at 30 in a Franco prison.

"How is Vicente?" he asked.

"He is old and well," I said.

"Old?" Neruda said, and brought a hand to his heart. "A good old comrade, Vicente."

Someone asked him if he had seen *To Die In Madrid*. "No, I do not think I could bear it," he answered. "I saw so much with my own eyes, I could not see it again."

He has not been back to Madrid. "During the war they used to announce on the Fascist radio that I was on the list to be executed. I suppose I could go back now. . . ." After a pause he added, "I have been on ships that stopped at Spanish ports and went ashore, for the Spanish port police are the least like police I have known anywhere. But I have not been back in Madrid." He gazed away with those heavy-lidded eyes which on stage give him the air of being very grand, and looked unapproachably mournful.

Then, with a smile, "My apartment in Madrid was right where the University City began, and the Loyalist militiamen used to shoot at the Moors from my windows. During the years in consulates in the Far East I had collected Balinese and Burmese masks and the militiamen would put them on, stick their heads out the windows to frighten the Moors and then shoot!"

When his plate of celery and olives and a portion of spaghetti with garlic and olive oil arrived, he explained how much he loves garlic. "I think in your country it is not looked on with favor?"

Someone explained that one of the uglier epithets for Puerto Ricans is "garlic mouth." He translated it into Spanish for himself, and changed the subject. "Now, your celery cannot be matched," he said. "Nor does anyone serve it so nicely. Ours is all strings."

One of the poets asked if the Federico he had mentioned was Lorca. "We were very good friends," he nodded, "and there was no quarreling with Federico. I was the only one who was ever allowed to call him out of a rehearsal and it was about that that we once quarreled.

"Some of us were together at Pascual's Tavern on the Calle de la Luna—Pascual was very good to us and oh the things Pascual put up with from us! Everyone wanted Federico to join us. He was rehearsing *Blood Wedding*; and I was delegated to call him. Lorca was told there was a call for him from home and he came to answer thinking it had to do with his mother, who was old. So he berated me for frightening him that way and I became very angry at his thinking I would fool about such things. In any case, I *was* very angry and I hung up on him and went back to the bar.

"A little later, I am there drinking and someone taps me on the shoulder. I look back and there is Federico and I turn back quickly and take up my drink. Again, he taps me on the shoulder and this time he begins to take a handkerchief from his jacket pocket, in so strange a manner that I am forced to watch him. Slowly Federico unfolds it and places it neatly on the sawdust floor and then kneels on it before me! How can you quarrel with such a man!"

Neruda asked us if the I.W.W. still existed, and we told him no. "And yet in my country they had great influence," he said. "There are still some important trade union leaders who began as converts to the I.W.W. of your country." He leaned back, took a sip of his beer, and placed his hands happily on his stomach. In a deep voice, he imitated Paul Robeson: "I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night. . . ."

"I try not to be sectarian or dogmatic," he said with a theatrical sigh, "but it is very difficult." And when I asked him if those intensely personal poems of *Estravagario*—with titles such as "Don't Ask Me," "Don't Mind Me"—were not politically inspired, he nodded readily. "They are about the Stalin period of course."

For the last PEN panel—"The Writer As Public Figure"—Neruda was seated between H. P. Tseng of Taiwan and Ignazio Silone of Italy. Silone's speech called for support for all who fight totalitarianism, equating the situation of Pasternak, Daniel, Siniavsky and of Polish, Hungarian, Czech and East German intellectuals with the Spanish university students and the anti-Nazi writers of Hitler's days. It was a standard Committee For Cultural Freedom speech and, in New York, sounded unprovocative.

When Neruda's turn came, he talked about finding both happy and unhappy writers in Socialist and capitalist countries, but more happy ones in the Socialist than in the capitalist countries. In passing, he said that Socialist countries are those countries which capitalist writers call totalitarian. "I had begun to think the cold war was over, but a colleague has awakened me from my dream."

The chairman, Douglas Young, insisted on telling Neruda that though he lived in England and Silone in Italy neither was a capitalist writer and, with the exception of Arthur Miller, all other panelists who followed also attacked Neruda's opening statement. Diffidently, in an even more imperturbable manner than before, Neruda explained that he had used the word capitalist in its ordinary sense and that they could give it whatever interpretation they preferred. I had heard him speak in that tone only once: in reading the final lines of "The Ship" to the young poets.

"The Ship" consists almost entirely of

FUNERAL IN THE EAST

PABLO NERUDA

I work at night, the city all around me,
fishermen, and potters, and corpses being set afire
among saffron and fruit, rolled in scarlet muslin:
those terrifying corpses go past under my balcony,
making their chains and copper flutes give off noise,
they let off harsh and sharp and mournful whistles,
among the brightness of the flowers that are heavy and poisoned,
and the cries of the dancers covered with ashes,
and the constantly rising monotony of the drum,
and the smoke from the logs scented and burning.

For once past the corner, near the muddy river,
their hearts, either stopping, or starting off at a greater speed,
will roll over, burned, the leg and the foot turned to fire,
and the fluttering ashes will settle down on the water,
and float like a branch of chalky flowers,
or like an extinct fire left by travellers with such great powers
they made something blaze up on the black waters, and bolted down
a food no longer found, and one finishing drink.

Translated by ROBERT BLY

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the anguished questions of people who arrive at a ship where all the places are taken: Why is there no place for us, they ask. "But we have already paid for our fares in this world/ why, then, don't you let us sit and eat?" If this is a sad joke, they say, end it quickly, talk seriously now, and the poem concludes: "Afterward the sea is hard/ and it rains blood." For those two last ominous lines, Neruda's voice had taken on that anticlimactic, diffident tone.

That PEN session caused much discussion and excitement among the delegates. *The New York Times* was to head its story; "Ideologies Stir PEN Delegates"; and Socialist delegates consulted with Western colleagues during the lunch break on whether they should answer Silone from the floor. For one Eastern European delegate, to whom the term Communist means strictly a member of the Communist Party, it presented a tremendous diplomatic problem. "It is all right for Neruda to speak that way," he protested, "he's a Communist!"

At the end of the session, Neruda got up, apparently unaware of the stir he had caused, and began to shake hands as graciously as always with the people who rushed toward him. From the audience his wife walked toward the stage, and she too looked quite contained. She is a beautiful and elegant woman, but readers of his verse know that like him, she comes from the southern section of Chile, an area which he describes in a memoir as an impoverished frontier similar, it would seem, to the West of our cowboy films.

In one of his many sonnets to her, he writes: "You are from the poor South: where my soul comes from/ In its sky your mother still washes clothes/ with my mother. That is why I chose you, *compañera*."

At the bottom of the aisle, Mrs. Neruda took out her camera and focused it on the stage. She waited calmly until someone there stepped aside and Neruda came into view. Then she clicked the camera and put it away.

The View from the East

IVAN BOLDIZSAR

Mr. Boldizsar is deputy president of the Hungarian PEN Club and editor in chief of The New Hungarian Quarterly, *an English-language journal published in Budapest. He is a novelist and a dramatist and has translated into Hungarian works by Kafka, Huxley and Mauriac, among others.*

I started writing this article at the beginning of February, and I am completing it in June, about the series of international meetings I have attended during the past eighteen months. The attraction, characteristics, significance and success of each of them was due to the fact that they were attended by intellectuals from both the Eastern and Western halves of Europe, as well as from the United States, Latin America, Asia and Africa, and even, at the PEN conferences, from as far afield as Australia.

But I am straightaway pulled up by that much abused word "intellectual." In all the languages known to me the word has a variety of meanings—sometimes with unpleasant overtones. In America, when they call intellectuals "egg heads," it is with a combination of irony and respect. "Intellectual" in English has a more restricted meaning than the Hungarian word *értelmiségi*. Our word includes not only those the English call intellectuals but also professional people—everyone who makes a living out of professional work of any kind, indeed all "white collar" workers.

Nonetheless, I use intellectuals in the more restricted sense of the word —in both Hungarian and English—to describe the people who assembled at these international meetings. They are men and women who—embracing this or that ideological outlook, belonging to this or the other philosophical persuasion, or professing eclecticism—are in any case humanists. They guard their intellectual independence, insist on seeing both sides of any case, look for no exclusive panacea; they believe with Voltaire that though they may fight what you say, they will fight to the death for your right to say it. This intellectual independence, this careful examination of both sides of every case, and this respect for the opponent's point of view do not, in my modest opinion, prevent them from throwing their weight behind the struggle for a given cause—and, if need be, risking and sacrificing their lives not only in the metaphorical sense but in the very real, physical sense of the word.

I thought this little excursion into semantics necessary not only because it provides an appropriate basis for the notes and conclusions which follow, but also because some readers might join with some Western participants in believing that the broad definition of an intellectual I have given is all very well in the West, but cannot be applied to the more or less

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official delegates from the East. Fortunately, it has become abundantly clear, from recent international meetings, that my attempt at a definition of the intellectual does apply equally well to the intellectuals of the Eastern Socialist countries. That among the latter there are more who could be called committed intellectuals, to widen Sartre's expression, is not all the result of political pressure but the consequence of several hundred years of social and historical development. In Hungary, just as in Poland or Czechoslovakia, centuries of foreign oppression and subjugation gave the intellectuals a greater and more active role in public life, in patriotic movements and on the international stage than in, say, England or France.

I have said all this a number of times at the international gatherings I have attended. The first of these took place in Budapest in October, 1964, under PEN auspices: its theme was "Tradition and Innovation in Literature." For many years, International PEN Congresses had been scenes of cold-war skirmishes, with Hungary in the direct line of fire. An English writer, trying to sound out contrary points of view, standing in a corridor of the Academy of Sciences in Budapest overlooking the Danube, said: "You know if anybody had told me seven years ago that PEN would today be holding its executive meeting in Budapest and arranging round-table discussions to follow with numerous participants from East and West, and with Soviet writers present as observers, I should have stared at him and run for the nearest psychiatrist."

The best thing about the Budapest round table was that it remained round; no one tried to make it square with anything else, either unduly in favor of tradition or innovation. The second PEN meeting was the 1965 annual congress in Bled, Yugoslavia, with the complex theme of "The Writer and Modern Society," with the innovation of real round tables in the first sense of the words, a rather refreshing change for an international conference. For here were the Eastern and Western and the Northern and Southern partners in the debate arguing, clashing, picking quarrels and making them up, agreeing and disagreeing, scoffing at one another, sympathizing with complete ease, as if they had been friends sitting around café tables and shouting at one another for years. No one kept minutes of what went on, the press was only there insofar as they were writers or in their private capacity, and no one had the feeling that he was making a public statement, or wondered about the possible reactions of his worst enemy—or best friend—at home. We all found ourselves saying on the third day that though of course we were, every one of us, staunch defenders of proceedings in public in all other matters, our honest and fruitful exchanges had been possible only because we didn't have to bother about readers, publishers and newspapers.

It is natural that PEN's reason for existence would seem completely bound up with its defense of the writer's right to express himself and to publish. When in the Fifties, American writers were being hounded by government committees and blacklisted, forced to write under pseudonyms or barred outright from movies and television and in some cases from publishing; when Portuguese writers are arrested, when Soviet writers are tried for the political implications of their work and sent to jail for long terms, the duty of PEN is clear and unavoidable. When Yiddish literature in the Soviet Union is not permitted the same publishing accommodations as other literatures; when the language of Catalonia is suppressed in Spain—these and unfortunately many other suppressive actions cry out for PEN's protests. But as important as this function is, it is not or ought not be PEN's sole reason for existence.

—Arthur Miller

There was no chairman at any of the tables; it was merely that the conversation tended to gravitate around some person who had an equal command of English and French, and so could channel the discussion.

The informal café atmosphere did not get under way at once. On the first day we all sat rather stiffly around the tables. Tell a man to talk freely, and he dries up. One of the subjects on the first day was the writer's responsibility. The tongue-tied silence was resolved by an Italian writer—we all promised not to mention names. "What if we talked, instead, of the writer's irresponsibility," he suggested. I urged him to begin. He made a witty and animated case for the argument that the writer had no responsibility to anybody except . . . and in ten minutes' time, because he was a very good writer, because he had to draw the positive from the negative, because he couldn't help himself, there he was, nicely involved with the writer's responsibility.

The first day had as official subjects for discussion on the agenda: Was literature more or less important today than it had been in the past? Had the writer's responsibility and role in society increased or decreased? To the first question all five tables gave the same answer: more important. On the second point, it was agreed that the importance of the individual writer had diminished, but that of literature as a whole had increased in stature. I had better leave Douglas Young to clarify this; the subject is a somewhat delicate one and liable to bring a hornet's nest about one's ears. "It has been stated that in some countries the writer enjoys complete freedom. This complete freedom at the same time decreases the writer's influence upon the readers." What on earth does that mean? I happened to sit at the table where the statement was discussed, and I joined in. An American author, the editor of a magazine with a mass circulation, said at the height of the battle about freedom that though it was true that there was nothing which could not be said in his paper, including the opposite, nobody cared. He would willingly give the half of his kingdom if he and his paper could enjoy the attention society commonly gave to similar writers and journals in some East European countries.

The second meeting in 1965 was held in Vienna, the seventh in a consecutive annual series bearing the name of Europa-Gesprach; but it only became truly European in that year. It was the first time that the Russians, Poles, Czechs, Yugoslavs and Hungarians were also invited.

It all got off to a bad start, with a lot of boredom and some irritation. Avalanches of speechifying. Gentlemen, the Mayor. Gentlemen, the President of the Republic as former mayor. Gentlemen, the deputy mayor in charge of cultural affairs. I slip out before the fourth speaker begins. I am enticed back by Mozart. Following the speeches a string quartet; after all, we are in Vienna. The Europa conversation is opened by an American. Not just any American, but one of the most interesting and controversial figures of the postwar years: George F. Kennan, described in the program as *"Botschafter und Prof."*—"Ambassador and Prof." But for the last two years he has been ambassador neither in Moscow, nor in Belgrade, nor in New Delhi, but only a professor at Princeton. That rising of the hackles is produced by a chill reminiscence of the dead days of the cold war; why must a European conversation begin with an American lecture?

Is it perhaps because the Vienna hosts wanted to have a big and "impressive" name? Maybe; but chiefly to stress how far we have come from the cold currents and icy seas of the cold war. How come? Who? Just now, with things as they are in Vietnam? The Vienna conversation has also proved very instructive from this point of view. The Austrians had invited, as they said, "the world of European intellectuals through their representatives."

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It turned out that they had invited none but humanists, Center and left of Center, from England, France, Switzerland, Norway, the German Federal Republic and Holland. It seems that the word intellectual is beginning to mean the same thing in both halves of Europe.

This is the "we" who have come a long way from the cold war. This first person plural includes the West European partners of the conversation, and they too write *we,* meaning the Polish Adam Schaff, the Czech Hajek, Prof. Ota Sik, the "Kafka expert" Goldstücker, the Yugoslav Supek and, I hope, myself as well. It is worth paying a little attention to Vienna because it has given eyewitness proof of how far Western intellectuals have come from the cold war.

Kennan's striking language was a faithful reflection of his thoughts. The ideologist of the first phase of the cold war—with practical experience of the theory of "containment," taking his point of departure from philosophical and political coordinates different from ours—made out a nice case for the necessity, indeed inevitability, of coexistence. Backed by solid arguments and in the restrained language befitting a professor, he took a stand against the armaments race and the nuclear policy, pointing out the dangers of nationalism in European (and not only European) thinking, and finally, with a cautious show of patriotism, declared that he would not like to see his country continue to play the part of "the guarantor of European security."

Isn't this Viennese picture a bit too seductive? True, Kennan, as I said, is no longer in a position of power. Obviously it is because he thinks as he does. But this does not lessen the fact that his stand is symptomatic. Kennan and the best part of the participants in the Vienna conversation, as well as those whom they were representing (without credentials it is true, but not without approval) a few years ago were committed to the same position as is officialdom today. This is true of all questions concerning the cold war, nationalism, nuclear superiority, disarmament, and the leading role of the United States. That something had changed in Western thinking in the relationship of the intellectuals and politics had already been indicated by Kennedy's policy, and above all by his attitude. The Vienna conversation testified that this change in the attitudes of the best minds in the West had deeper roots and was more decided than we in the East would have thought, judged by Western political symptoms.

On the second day of the Vienna conversation the Prague professor, Eduard Goldstücker, told me before the session: "I shall begin my talk on Kafka tonight by asking what they mean by the title of the conversation: 'Bridges Between East and West.' Prague is 80 miles *west* of Vienna."

Goldstücker could not raise the question that day because someone had already done so. It was Kogon, also Eduard, who lectures on sociology in Frankfurt am Main and is the editor of the *Frankfurter Hefte.* He asked the same question from the chair in the afternoon session, and he too cited Prague.

Professor Kogon, the director of the Vienna conversation and the chairman of most of its sessions, is a Catholic who opposed the Nazis and spent years in a concentration camp. When liberated he wrote a book, the first of its kind, about the concentration camps, *The SS-State.* The book, including pocket editions, has sold millions of copies, and teachers in some German schools use it as a textbook. Kogon became hostile to the "East" by the successive waves of the cold war and the long delay in the ebb of Stalinism. The Vienna conversation demonstrated the process by which people like Kogon find their way back to their original position and resume the dialogue left off fifteen years ago. Incidentally, one of the dangers of the Vietnamese adventure is that it creates divisions where they shouldn't be and puts the clock back.

The conversation introduced another type of person, also in the chair. Kogon was occasionally replaced by a certain Herr Czernetz, an Austrian Social Democratic deputy, who was very regrettably bent on exacerbating the differences between East and West and kept dredging up ten- to fifteen-year-old arguments. I imagine it was not quite what he intended, but he certainly played the role of the negative catalyst in the experiment. Participants from abroad naturally received his strictures with icy disapproval, or argued with him, put him right on a number of points, those from Western Europe quite frequently undertaking the task instead of ourselves; on the second day the audience booed him, and from that day on he was not seen again on the rostrum, nicknamed by our witty writers the "altar."

Jiri Hajek, editor of the journal *Plamen* (published in Prague), read a very elegantly written contribution with the title, "The Specific Mission of Writers." He was described as "Prof. Hajek" in the program, but for simplicity's sake the organizers promoted all and sundry to "Doctors" and conferred professorships indiscriminately as the waiters used to do in Budapest cafés, and the Italian waiters do today. The task of literature, he said, is not to cheer people up in and out of season but exclusively to explore the human condition of the age we live in. The Dutch idealist Staellert and the Marxist Hajek read prepared texts, but somehow they seemed to have agreed beforehand to make the same points. According to Hajek, good literature seeks the truth in both halves of our divided world, and by doing so makes the world less divided: "Good writing in both parts of the divided world has this further trait in common: it reveals the tragic in the human condition of our age in all its fullness." True enough, each side offers diametrically opposed interpretations of the tragic: the humanist "Right," to borrow the phrase of the Polish philosopher Lesek Kolakowski, holds that the tragedy inherent in this situation is unalterable. The humanist "Left" sees a rational way out in socialism, and that progress along

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this road will recognize and overcome at least the social cause of the tragic.

In the course of further debates the most exciting—in the political, more cinematic, sense of the word—was the Munich publisher Kindler's Ehrenburg affair, or rather scandal; in the literary field, Goldstücker's Kafka analysis; in philosophy, Adam Schaff and O. Flechtheim's debate on ideological coexistence; and in human terms, the lecture by the Czech Prof. Ota Sik.

At first I was puzzled to account for the presence of Kindler, then owner and publisher of the West German mass-circulation picture magazine *Revue*. He has since sold it. He told us what had happened to him because he had published Ehrenburg's memoirs. First he was called a traitor to his country. Next a statement was forged in Liechtenstein, purporting to have been written and signed by him, and it was sent to his business partners. His family and children were threatened. He was called a Moscow agent. A paper published a statement by someone who declared he knew Kindler was a homosexual. Another said that he was given to raping young girls. Both said he was syphilitic. So far all this is more humorous than tragic. The really alarming thing was to follow. The day after the publication of the memoirs, a Saturday in October, after all the shops in the big cities and university towns in West Germany had closed, the windows of all the booksellers in which copies of Ehrenburg's memoirs were displayed were pasted with placards saying: "Paid Agent of the Jews! Traducer of the People!" Since that day—one and a half years ago—not more than 120 copies of the book have been sold in the whole of West Germany.

Kindler was followed by Goldstücker who told us that Kafka was first published in Nazi Germany in 1934, with a band round it reading "Only for Jews". . . . That was not the main point of his lecture, but the process by which, thanks in the first place to Goldstücker's own personal efforts, Kafka was—to use his own phrase—demilitarized, a phrase I think I first heard used by Sartre at the 1963 World Conference on Disarmament.

I began with a PEN meeting, and finish with another, the June meeting in New York. It was a good and interesting congress, sometimes even important, but the really important feature of it was neither literary nor intellectual; it was geographical. I use this word here as a euphemism for "political." Why? Was it a political Congress? Not at all. It was less so than it could have been; less than some feared it might become.

I don't intend to be more political than the congress was: the war in Vietnam was mentioned only on the last day and very casually. But for many delegates from Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America, the outstanding fact was that they could come to the United States at this time—despite the war. This was a job well done by the American PEN Center.

The great attraction was also geographical: New York itself. One needed quite an amount of discipline and literary self-sacrifice to attend the meetings instead of discovering New York, north and south of Washington Square. Some did not go further and I wonder how many personal notes, diaries, poems and TV chats will identify New York with the microcosmos in and around that fountain in the Square. On the other hand, the bearded and long-haired Lilliputs may have discovered that some literary Gullivers are surprisingly "cool."

This word should lead me to another microcosmos, that of Marshall McLuhan, who uses *cool* and *hot* as part of the terminology of the post-Gutenberg age. Much of the discussion of the meeting revolved around McLuhan's concept. But let me say first that the greatest merit of the Thirty-fourth PEN Congress was what it did not become: either a review of the Siniavsky-Daniel trial or an indictment of the absence of Soviet observers. This creates the possibility that the next PEN meeting will be attended by Soviet writers. The congress was a place where one could speak with a human voice.

These were the words of Arthur Miller in his closing remarks. He performed superbly as international president in the closed session of the executive committee and in public debate. Like one of his major characters in his best plays, he proved his dramatic talent by consistently finding the adequate words for all situations. His closing remarks were a sort of keynote address for future PEN congresses but I could use it also as a motto for this paper on East-West meetings of intellectuals: "You and I should emphasize what is similar and isolate what separates us." I don't think that is the solution, but it is the road to it.

The beginning of understanding is information. Eastern writers read their Western colleagues, but very few Western authors' knowledge goes beyond Solzhenitsyn, Yevtushenko, Voznesensky, Paustovsky, maybe. I have become accustomed to the encouraging smiles I receive (to me hateful) when I state that there is a literature in Hungary. "Go on, chap. The ancient Peruvian civilization was also very interesting." All of the writers of Eastern Europe, for instance, knew Saul Bellow and read his novels (and not only *Herzog*), and were therefore astonished at the anger in his keynote speech against the "literati." I felt a certain uneasiness; I had heard the same superiority and irony, sometimes even the same arguments, against intellectuals in my country in the early fifties. These were uttered by spokesmen very, very different from that distinguished American author. The arguments tried also to separate the writer from the environment of intellectuals and thus place him on an elevated podium above the multitudes. Do I need to add that I like Bellow's novels very much and that I am more than sure that he did not intend to echo the literary debates taking place in the early fifties far away in Eastern Europe? But I still do not understand his anger. He should have attended the round tables and participated in the corridor small talk to learn about his colleagues and to experience the good atmosphere of the common language of writers and "literati" intellectuals.

This congress discovered another need for a dialogue—not only between East and West but between North and South. Discussing one of the themes of the congress, "The Writer as Public Figure," delegates from Western Europe and North America heard the same points of view expressed by writers of Peru and Poland, Uruguay and Hungary. In a word: literature and national existence—sometimes

> *What do these intellectuals do with literature? Why, they talk about it, they treasure it, they adorn themselves with it, they make careers of it, they become an elite of it, they make discourse of it. It is their capital, their material. They take from it what they need for their own work in culture history, journalism or criticism of manners, producing hybrid works, partly literary, sometimes interesting in themselves but postulating almost always the decadence or obsolescence of contemporary literature. . . . They seem to have it both ways. On the one hand they share the distaste of the modern classic writers for western civilization, they are repelled by the effrontery of power and the degradation of the urban crowd. They have adopted the* Wasteland *outlook. On the other hand they are very well off. They have money, position, privileges, power, private schools for their children, elegant dental care, jet holidays in Europe, stocks, bonds, houses, even yachts and with all this, owing to their education, they have a particular sympathy with the heroic artistic life, they have tastes and judgments formed by Rimbaud and D. H. Lawrence. What could be neater.*
>
> —Saul Bellow

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even literature and survival—are as inextricably interwoven in our distant Eastern and Southern countries as literature and politics are separated in the West and North.

The principal theme of the congress was almost left undiscussed, perhaps because every writer is an independent spirit, or he is no writer. It was very good that we did not debate the question of the *degree* of independence enjoyed by the so-called independent writer.

The real theme of the round tables was not that suggested by the program but what the writers of East, West, North and South felt they should discuss: the writers' position in our new electronic, nuclear age, in the world of mass media, in confrontation with science fiction, and in the duel between fiction and documentary. The doomsday prophecies of Marshall McLuhan, though passionately rejected, were also passionately considered. There was general agreement that electronics may create a new environment but cannot replace the written and printed word. Nor can it supplant the creative force of the writer whose raw materials were, are and will be the reality and the dreams.

Brazilian Diamonds

BARREN LIVES (Vidas Sêcas). *By Graciliano Ramos. Translated by Ralph Edward Dimmick. University of Texas Press. 131 pp. $4.75.*

SAGARANA. *By Joao Guimaraes Rosa. Translated by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. 303 pp. $5.95.*

ALAN CHEUSE
Mr. Cheuse, formerly an editor of Studies on the Left, *now lives in Mexico.*

Like those diamonds that are washed up along the river banks of their Brazilian homeland and left to sparkle only under their native sun, these collections of short fiction might have remained unknown to readers of English, but for the efforts of their partisan translators. Ramos' book was first published in 1938, Guimaraes Rosa's in 1946. Their appearance now in English finds both writers still unfamiliar to most North American readers. Their genre, the "cycle" or group of tales linked by mutual characters or setting is more recognizable. *Barren Lives* has a *yanqui* cousin in *Winesburg, Ohio.* The landscape of *Sagarana* is as lovely, dark and deep as Faulkner's woods—another Eden. But in ways more crucial than technique or setting, these works prove telling and meaningful for Americans.

The Ramos volume, slimmer of the pair, is composed of thirteen short sequences, all taking place within the course of a single year, in the life of a wretched backlands peasant family. Ramos, later a Communist and, still later, a minister in the Fascist Vargas government, found politics for his protest. Luckily, he wrote and published this evidence of his outrage before he was tempted to trim *Barren Lives* to any party pattern.

Nomads in a land of drought, the family of *Barren Lives* squats on a temporarily abandoned farm. The father, Fabiano, is a herdsman hired to work for the always offstage owner of the farm. Vitoria, the mother, tends to her meager household; the boys play with the animals; the dog hunts and sleeps; on feast day they visit a town. Even their speech is barren. Forced to kill their parrot for food, Vitoria

> justified the act by telling herself that the bird was quite useless—it didn't talk. That wasn't its fault. The family was one of few words and with the coming of the disaster [the drought] all had fallen silent, only the briefest utterances passing their lips.

Rather than the fierce, bullying, superstitious, partisan country dwellers one meets in Verga or Silone, Fabiano and Vitoria are dispirited and more recognizably related to the poor of our ghettos and farms. The unseen owner is given bitter homage, as from sharecropper to overseer. Illiterate Fabiano cannot protest the scrawls that rob him of his rightful pay. He and his wife sleep on knotty tree boughs for lack of better bedding. They see themselves "as a pair of useless dogs." Fabiano knows what happens to useless dogs: he shoots their own sick beast.

The only mystique in these lives is the arrival of the next drought. Time is the wind to their eroded existence: this debilitating ignorance reinforces itself daily. Their one hope is that the boys will learn to read, like Tomàs the miller, their exneighbor, who died in the flight from the drought. (From scene to scene the memory of Tomàs is a link, one of the few recurring images that give the book its novel-like effect). But the mother admires Tomàs the miller not for his knowledge but really for his bed

> made by a carpenter, with a frame of sucupira wood, smoothed with an adze, the dovetails cut out with a chisel, and neatly fitted together, the frame covered by rawhide, well stretched and nailed down. That was a bed on which a Christian could stretch his bones!

Flights of birds signal the approach of another drought season. Last trek they killed their parrot. Now they move on without their dog. Kernels of memory—of the dog, of the parrot, of Tomàs the miller—lie scattered in their wake. From the soul's dust bowl, from the heart of dryness, rises a singular lament.

To combat the withering effect of despair, Ramos offers a few sips of water. Guimaraes Rosa gives us steak and rice, fancy cakes and ices, plus the liquor of his language. Dogs useless? Never! Bushes, bugs, rocks, trees, lakes are demonstrations, emulations, echoes, simulations, mocks or props of the themes and byplay of his epic of *ambiente:* Man or animal, bee or palm tree, one finds one's function as one's fate. And until we have gone through nature's educative cycle, until we are sure in whose zoo we are kept, by institutions or our own slack wills or both, we should pay hard attention to the beasts of the field, fish, fowl, snake or marmot.

Nine novellas make up this story "cycle." The first, "The Little Dust-Brown Donkey," introduces the beast, Seven of Diamonds, who participates in a cattle roundup marred by a fatal flash flood. Cool, self-contained creature that he is—"seeking himself out, discovering himself, finding some essence of his being"—Seven of Diamonds saves two out of many herdsmen, carrying one unconscious man on his back through the rising waters while another clings to his tail. This is not donkey *ex machina.* It's Existentialism, Brazilian style. Because of the animal's durability, man is saved; to push the word play, saved by this *tale,* a blend of the pastoral and a fated encounter with nature's flood force.

Animals play a role, as reflectors of the action, in "The Return of the Prodigal Husband." Lalino Salathiel sells his wife to a covetous Spanish immigrant and goes off to find his fortune. The action is mirrored in an ironic side show in the swamp nearby where

> . . . the king of all the frogs . . . was dying and discussing his last will and testament with all the low-life frogs. . . .
>
> "When I die, who will take care of my children?"
>
> "Not me. . . . Not me. . . . Not me. . . ."
>
> "When I die, who will take care of my wife?"
>
> "Me! Me! Me! Me!"

In the gently ironic love story, "Mine

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Own People," a standard for love is glimpsed in the relationship between a mare and her colt:

> . . . the newborn colt, still so long-legged, comes leaping behind her, eager to nurse. As it buries its muzzle under its mother's belly and thighs, its whole body is a long-drawn-out greediness. The mare waits. Nobody knew how to give with greater dignity.

To bird song Guimaraes Rosa adds lyrics. The grackles in "The Straw-Spinners" caw as they steal seeds from an imaginary planter: "You put them in, put them in / I pull them out, pull them out."

Guimaraes Rosa treats the natural world as if he were constantly in a state of receiving new vision. Sometimes he makes Whitman-like catalogues of landscape; when describing the bunched horns of corraled cattle (". . . the arms of a cross, the barbs of an anchor, the holders of a candelabrum, the forked limbs of a dead tree, the pincers of a crab, the insignia of Satan, lyres without strings. . . .") the effect is that of catching the inner- and overtones of the material world.

> We ride. We ascend. We go higher Now a steady slope up the long ridge of the sierra, scaling the summit. And suddenly the world becomes clearer: the ascent has ended and we are in amazing altitudes.

Describing a ride to a ranch in the mountains of Minas Gerais, Guimaraes Rosa might be telling how his language works upon his matter.

We *are* carried to amazing heights of invention, where amazing things take place. In the tale before last, "Conversation Among Oxen," animals do more than speak. As in the first piece, they act as agents of fate. How young Tiao, a cart boy, aided by a team of disgruntled oxen, revenges himself on the carter, Agenor Soronho, for cuckolding his dead father, is a triumph for beast and boy. The story is a mixture of folk materials, imported philosophies and a deep dredging of human and animal psychology; it is the peak of the man's work, and a masterpiece.

During the trip from town to graveyard, while the father's corpse lies on top of a load of brown sugar, a moment of karma-like beauty is achieved. The oxen are enraged by the carter Soronho's goad. They plot rebellion. Their consciousness and that of Tiao, walking alongside the cart almost in a trance, fuse:

> . . . I am the ox Dansador. . . . But there is no ox Dansador. . . . There is not the-one-who-has-a-big-head-and-a-hump-on-his-back. . . . I

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am the strongest of all. . . . There are no oxen, no man. . . . We are strong. I am very strong. . . . I can strike at all sides. I strike at Mr. Soronho with a halter rope, a quince switch, a goad . . . until I draw blood. . . . And I become even stronger. . . . I am Tiao . . . Tiaozinho. . . . I killed Mr. Agenor Soronho. . . .

Thus the crime is planned. Oxen and boy, nature and man, join forces to commit it, an "accident" caused by the cart boy's dreamy condition and the rambunctious team. The coda keeps covenant with the Eastern flavor of this union. In a kind of Old Testament celebration (mountains leap like rams, hills skip like lambs) where once it was only animals that spoke, now even inanimate objects rejoice as the heavy wheels sever the carter's head from his body. Yea,

> even the cart is happy—*cre-e-ak, cre-e-ak*—and opens the throat of its axleshaft in a triumphal tune.

Basic to Guimaraes Rosa's style are his epigrams and anecdotes, birdsong, whore's calls, chants and bull stories. Basic to his vision is the recognition of the bite in the idyll. In "Woodland Witchery," a homage to the magical powers inherent in his people, every tree is the tree of knowledge:

> . . . from the gypsy liana and the velvet bean, libidinous creepers, with polyandrous flowers; even the grayish toadstools, with their earthy effluvia, and the erotic golden trumpet whose leaves, however crumpled, always quickly stiffen again.

In the final tale, "Augusto Matraga's Hour and Turn," where a man's impulse to bully his neighbors is transformed into a search to contribute to the natural order of the world, one finds a will kin to that of the donkey, Seven of Diamonds, evidence that the cycle, the sea change, is done. The grain has gone into the mill, been ground to flour and made into dough, baked in the ovens: here is the bread.

TELEVISION / Peter Gzowski

Mr. Gzowski was formerly managing editor of Maclean's Magazine *and is now entertainment editor of the Toronto* Daily Star.

Toronto

An American friend of mine once spent part of a trip to Canada asking Canadians, who devote a lot of time to worrying about their independence from the United States, just what it was they were trying so hard to preserve. "Well, there's the C.B.C.," he reported most of them as saying, "and . . . well, there's *certainly* the C.B.C., and the . . . I don't know, I guess the C.B.C. sort of sums it up."

The C.B.C., the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, does fulfill a unique and important function—at least as far as Canadians are concerned. Films, magazines, newspapers, records, books and, of course, radio and television signals flow virtually unhampered across the border from the United States into Canada. In most of their tastes, people who live in Vancouver are more like people who live in Seattle than they're like people who live in Montreal; what's hip in New York this month will be hip in Toronto next month, just as certainly as it will be hip in Cleveland. But there are still differences, and the C.B.C., a crown corporation that requires about $100 million of federal government money to make up its annual deficit from advertising, helps to preserve them. It forms a kind of East-West counterforce to the natural North-South pull of American geography.

Because of its relative freedom from the dictates of advertising, the C.B.C. is also, as I imagine most readers of *The Nation* know, probably the best big television network—in terms of not being afraid sometimes to appeal to minority tastes, even in prime time—on the continent. That doesn't mean it's as good as I understand many Americans who aren't able to watch it believe. But it is good. Here is a breakdown of a reasonably typical week on my own local channel, in Toronto: 25 hours of straight American imports (*Bonanza, Hogan's Heroes, Ed Sullivan,* and so on); 19 hours, 45 minutes of Canadian entertainment shows, generally no better, if no worse, than their American counterparts (although this list does include a 90-minute production of *A Doll's House* at 9:30 Wednesday evening); 12½ hours of movies, nearly all of them American; 10½ hours of children's programs, nearly all of them Canadian; 10 hours of sports (this was the last week of the Stanley Cup playoffs); 3 hours of educational and 2½ hours of religious programs; 1½ hours of material imported from England; and 17 hours of 15 minutes of news and public affairs.

It's that last category that makes the difference. The C.B.C. news, which is, of course, unsponsored, is a national institution. Lorne Greene learned how to sound like *everyone's* daddy by reading it on the radio during the war and, on television, it now provides the one truly Canadian medium of communication. But in recent years the Public Affairs Department has become even more important. Which is why tremors that have shaken the Public Affairs Department of the C.B.C. this spring have made a lot of Canadians worry about whether the really excellent parts of the corporation can continue to survive.

For the last two seasons, the heart of public affairs broadcasting on the C.B.C. has been an hour-long program with the Zen-like name, *This Hour Has Seven Days. Seven Days* runs—or has been running—in the primest of times, at ten on Sunday evening. It has what television people call a magazine format; it deals with as many as a dozen topics a

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week. In fifty shows, those topics have included LSD, teen-age prostitution, political corruption, automobile safety, French-Canadian separatism, the American Negro, thalidomide, labor bosses, spies, stock manipulation—almost everything that is noticeable on American television by its absence. *Seven Days* has broadcast interviews with perhaps half the Canadian cabinet and a wide assortment of other important, interesting or controversial Canadians. There have been interviews also with Collie LeRoy Wilkins, George Lincoln Rockwell, Robert Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger, Buckminster Fuller, Pete Seeger, Cassius Clay, Ralph Nader, Bertrand Russell, Edith Sitwell, Susan Sontag, Julian Huxley, Jules Feiffer, I. F. Stone, Herman Kahn, McGeorge and William Bundy, Orson Welles, Robert Morley and Carol Doda, the topless dancer from California, of whose act we Sunday evening viewers got a slightly edited version on film.

Seven Days edits everything ruthlessly. Its producers, some of whom [redacted] among the world's leading disciples [redacted]arshall McLuhan, seem to have grasped the idea that public affairs broadcasting is not so much journalism—no matter how journalistic the subject—but *television*. Rather than explain stories or ideas, it has exposed them; it has given its viewers not a complete picture of the people it has interviewed but a genuine experience of them.

And even when it has dealt with subjects like the birth control pill, the influence of Tony Richardson and Jean-Luc Godard has been more evident than the influence of Fred J. Cook or even Edward R. Murrow. And it has worked. In spite of some frequently sophomoric satirical pieces and some ventures into what even its ardent fans have felt is questionable taste (should George Lincoln Rockwell be on television at all?), *Seven Days* has been enormously successful. Next to hockey, which is the real national bond in Canada, *Seven Days* has been the most popular Canadian show on the air this season. In a nation with a population of 20 million, roughly 5 million of whom speak French first, it has achieved an audience of more than 3 million—right up there with *Bonanza*.

In mid-April, with *Seven Days* still having three editions left to put on the air, a vice president of the C.B.C. went over the heads of the show's executive producer, a soft-spoken former newspaper man, Douglas Leiterman, and informed the two on-air hosts, Patrick Watson and Laurier LaPierre, that their contracts wouldn't be renewed next season. The vice president's reasons, as they've come out, were cloudy. He questioned the "loyalty" of both Watson and LaPierre to C.B.C. management. (Watson, who along with Leiterman, founded *Seven Days* in 1964 and emerged as an on-camera personality only this season, was the president of the C.B.C. producers' association last year, and signed a brief to the Fowler Royal Commission on Broadcasting, whose report turned out to be highly critical of the C.B.C. management. LaPierre, a professor of French-Canadian studies at McGill University in Montreal, who has been commuting to his weekly job with *Seven Days* in Toronto, had made some speeches in which he didn't exactly butter up his part-time bosses.)

The crucial question, however, as most people on both sides of the dispute have seen it, was really the matter of *Seven Days*' excellence, and particularly its predilection for controversy. Through the past winter in particular, there has scarcely been a Monday morning when the newspapers haven't been forced to carry some report of what *Seven Days* has done the night before, and usually it has been a front-page report. Quite a few toes got stepped on. And, instead of taking the bold and direct action of firing Leiterman, it seemed, the C.B.C.'s management had tried to de-fang the show by taking away the two hosts and, by implication, some of Leiterman's independence.

It was, as Judy LaMarsh said, only the top to the iceberg. Miss LaMarsh is the Secretary of State. As such, she answers to Parliament for the C.B.C. And, while one could have wished for a fresher figure of speech—there must be *some* other way to get that idea across—Miss LaMarsh seemed to be right. The C.B.C. has been divided into two factions for years: on the one hand, the people who make radio and television programs; on the other, the civil servants who administer the crown corporation. Each faction has had a different idea about whether boats ought to be rocked, and neither has always believed the other acted in constant good faith. "It's totally impossible to carry on a sensible conversation with the principal officers of this corporation," said Reeves Haggan, the corporation's supervisor of public affairs, English language division, and the owner of another head that had been gone over in the firing of Watson and LaPierre. (In his turn, Alphonse Ouimet, the C.B.C.'s president, said later that Haggan hadn't been given a raise last year because "his supervisor performance had not been up to expectations.")

The creative people—the producers—quickly closed ranks over the *Seven Days* firings. Unless there was a satisfactory solution, the producers' association announced, not only to the Watson-LaPierre affair but to the whole running battle, they would "withdraw" their "services." (Since the producers don't negotiate as a body on any other question, they've been very careful to avoid the word "strike.") They were riding a remarkable wave of public support. On the evening of the first edition of *Seven Days* to go on the air after the announcement of the firings, pickets surrounded the C.B.C.'s Toronto studios. Most of them were students—WE LOVE YOU LAURIER; GIVE US FOOD FOR THOUGHT, and so on—but they obviously represented a strong body of public opinion. The C.B.C. got more than 11,000 phone calls protesting the firings.

A citizen's committee to "save *Seven Days* and restore the integrity of the C.B.C." sprang up around a group of professors and journalists in Toronto. People who in the past have worked hard to *prevent* political interference with the C.B.C. wired their Members of Parliament to have the decision reversed. Both the Parliamentary Committee on Broadcasting, chaired by Gerard Pelletier, a tough-minded former labor journalist and editor of the Montreal daily *La Presse*, held hearings on the issue. At the last moment, Prime Minister Lester Pearson, who once won a Nobel Peace Prize for his international diplomacy, announced the appointment of a mediator, Stuart Keate, a newspaper publisher from British Columbia. The "withdrawal of services" was averted. *Seven Days* completed its season, with Watson and LaPierre in their usual chairs, although their futures, and the show's, are still in doubt.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1161

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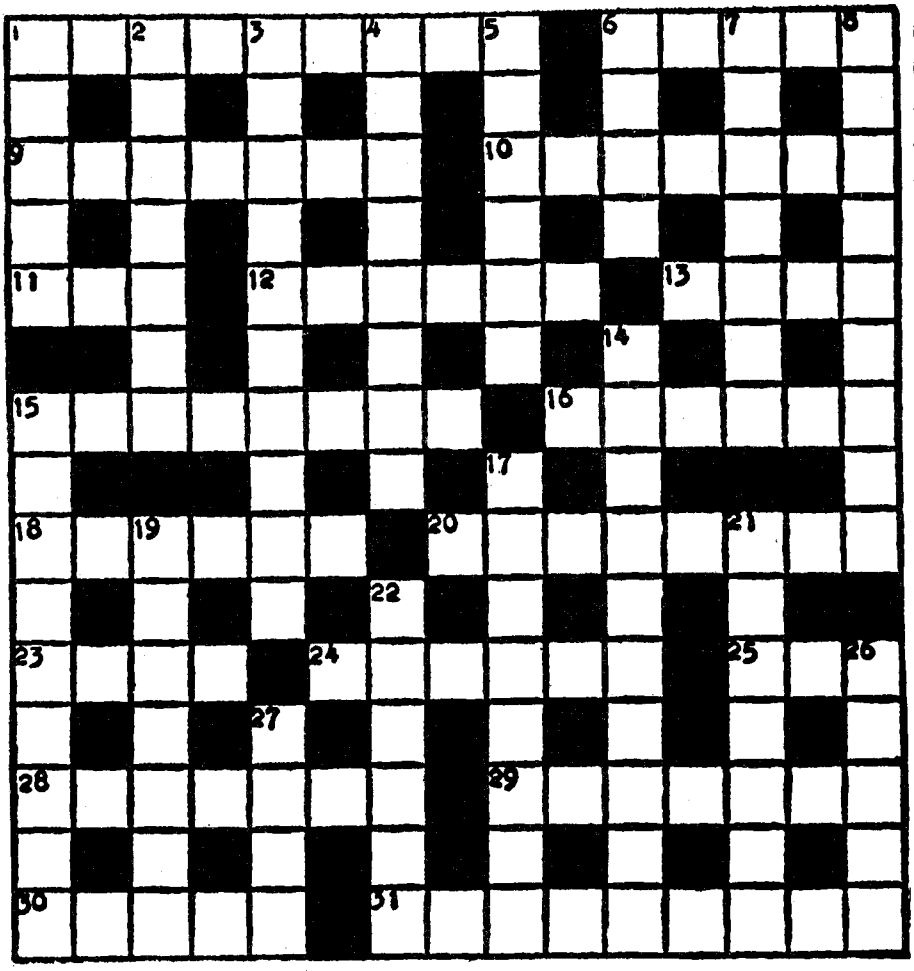

ACROSS:

1 One way to carry conservation of resources to extremes, if you do, you sap! (9)
6, 30 and 11 How to lose control? Make false notes, and more false notes, being of the imaginary sort. (6, 7)
10 What one might be doing after a shake and a rattle, but associated with a sort of 30 it doesn't gather the green stuff. (7)
12 Might it stretch two games out of three? (6)
13 Thought to have this father, if you recognize Henry IV. (4)
15 Might it keep one from banging the arm? (8)
16 Noted the transaction called so? (4, 2)
18 She had a set arrangement placed before her. (6)
20 It's a struggle indeed, when provided payment. (8)
23 Equivalent to the merrier writer? (4)
24 Spread bad news about the Rough Rider. (6)
25 Field-tripper in implied agreement?
28 Nothing should go 6 for 1000, when 8. (7)
29 Players' garb? (7)
31 They're said to be improper, but a close miss, perhaps. (9)

DOWN:

1 The agency of television, relatively speaking? (5)
2 The old word for "do" in a fluid state, following an obligation. (7)
3 The way a bean might appear for a chapparal cock. (4, 6)
4 Not exactly 2, but one is obliged to be so. (8)
5 The one Arne described as having something well-deserved? (6)
6 Might be found in cabinet rank. (4)
7, 9 and 27 Suggests the ruling Persians and Afghans? (7, 4, 3, 4)
8 Humpty-Dumptyish? (3-6)
14 Johnson might typify it, but it's no Y.M.C.A. trip! (10)
15 At most, be a Mississippi type for example! (9)
17 It might tell you where to go and whom to see. (8)
19 The sort of twisting one might find in roots. (7)
21 Found in New England, any northern state, or just any place in the country? (7)
22 Stirred in haste? The man heading for the office does quite frequently. (6)
26 Bad skids still might result in records.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1160

ACROSS: 1 Supporting cast; 8 Convertibles; 10 Eradicable; 11 Chic; 13 Yeomen; 14 Integral; 16 Small fry; 17 Sonnet; 19 Axle; 20 Incursions; 22 Perambulated; 23 Changeableness. DOWN: 1 Society Islands; 2 Pentagonally; 3 One-sidedly; 4 Titian; 6 Chef; 7 Chocolate sodas; 9 and 5 The Ring of the Nibelung; 12 Demoiselle; 15 Frontage; 18 Hubbub; 21 Bean.

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". . . The Bay of Pigs operation might well have been cancelled and the country would have been saved enormous embarrassment if The New York Times and other newspapers had been more diligent in the performance of their duty—their duty to keep the public informed . . ."—Clifton Daniel, Managing Editor, *The New York Times*, June 1, 1966.

"Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that?—stupid."—Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, to a group of U.S. war correspondents in Saigon, July, 1965 (quoted in article by Morley Safer, CBS News, inserted into *The Congressional Record*, May 12, 1966).

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